

THE
INJUR'D HUSBAND;
OR, THE
Mistaken Resentment.
A
NOVEL.

Written by Mrs. *Eliza Haywood.*

*Short are the Triumphs of the Face alone:
Where Conduct fails, how tott'ring is the Throne!
Without this Virtue, Woman's weakly crown'd:
Our Minds fix Government, our Eyes but found.*
Dryden.

L O N D O N :

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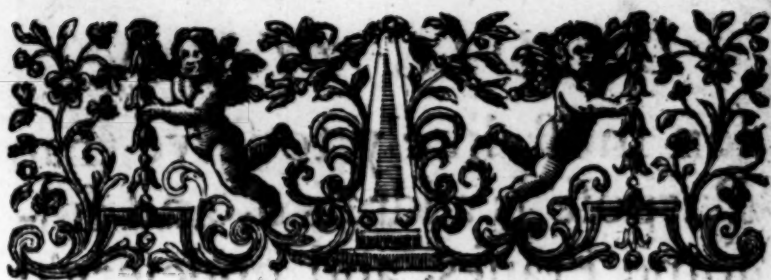


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To the Right Honourable the

L A D Y H O W.

Madam,

Dedications are become
so scandalous of late,
that, if Modesty were
not a Virtue too little fashi-
onable, both the *Patron* and
Writer wou'd be out of Coun-
tenance: The Reason of this
is evident; the Press is set
to work only to gratifie a
mercenary End, and He or
She who is look'd on as a Per-
son

DEDICATION.

son most likely to serve that Purpose is address'd, and fulsome Praises, and undeserv'd Encomiums generally answer the Design they are given for.

But I, *Madam!* propose to my self a nobler Advantage, by entreating the Protection of a Lady qualified like *You*. The Subject of the Trifle I presume to offer, is, *the worst of Women*; and while I treat of the Inadvertencies, and indeed Vices, which there is a Possibility that *our* Sex may be guilty of, I wou'd put those of the *other* in Mind, that there is *One* among us, whose *Vir-*
tues may atone for the *Mis-*
management of the rest.

To

DEDICATION.

To particularize what they are, or enter into a Detail of those Perfections, which, while they attract the Admiration of *all*, are to be describ'd by *none*, wou'd only prove me guilty of a Self-sufficiency of Thought, and justly render me unworthy of Your Favour: Of two Evils, therefore, I will chuse the least, and rather confess my Inability to speak of You, as You deserve, than by enervate Praises *lessen* the Worth I wou'd *proclaim*. The Sun by his own Rays can only be describ'd, and while the most *Abject* of created Beings receive the Benefit of his Influence, the *Noblest* are

at

DEDICATION.

at a Loss for Means to represent him. The same Misfortune is the Fate of all who contemplate the Character of Your Ladyship; then why shou'd I lament the Want of that which the most eminently distinguish'd Genius's wou'd find themselves deficient in, tho' not in so far distant a Degree as,

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's

Most Devoted,

Most Faithful, and

Obedient Servant,

ELIZA HAYWOOD.



PREFACE

Troubling the Reader with any Thing of this Kind, is generally so little to the Purpose, that I have often thought the Authors made Use of such Introductions more to swell the Bulk of their Book, than any other Reason: And how sensible soever I am of the many Faults the following Sheets are full of, I shou'd rather commit my self and them to the Good-nature of the World, than add to them by an impertinent Apology.

It is not, therefore, to excuse my Want of Judgment in the Conduct, or my Deficiency of Expressing the Passions I have endeavour'd to represent, but to clear my self of an Accusation, which I am inform'd is already contriv'd and prepar'd to thunder out against me, as soon as this is publish'd, that I take this Pains.

A Gentleman, who applies the little Ingenuity he is Master of, to no other Study than that of sowing Dissention among those who are so unhappy, and indeed unwise, as to entertain him, either imagines, or pretends to do so, that tho' I have laid the Scene in Paris, I mean that the Adventure shou'd be thought to have happen'd in London; and that in the Character of a French Baroness, I have attempted to expose the Reputation of an English Woman of Quality. I shou'd be sorry to think the Actions of any of our Ladies such as cou'd give room for a Conjecture of
of

P R E F A C E.

of the Reality of what he wou'd suggest. But, suppose there were indeed an Affinity between the Vices I have describ'd, and those of some Woman he knows (for doubtless if there be, she must be of his Acquaintance) I leave the World to judge to whom she is indebted for becoming the Subject of Ridicule, to me for drawing a Picture whose Original is unknown, or to him who writes her Name at the Bottom of it.

However, if I had design'd this as a Satyr on any Person whose Crimes I had thought worthy of it, I shou'd not have thought the Resentment of such a one considerable enough to have oblig'd me to deny it; but as I have only related a Story, which a particular Friend of mine assures me is Matter of Fact, and happen'd at the Time when he was in Paris: I wou'd not have it made Use of as an Umbrage for the Tongue of Scandal to blast the Character of any one, a Stranger to such detested Guilt... I hope there is not a second De Tortillée in the World, but if there be, she certainly is not without a Du Lache to advise and assist her; and he, that Du Lache, who is most sensible of the Secrets of her Soul, is best able to point her out. For my Part (I thank Heaven) I can solemnly protest, a Wretch so vile never yet reach'd the Observation of

Eliza Haywood.

T H E

THE
INJUR'D HUSBAND;

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A
NOVEL.

B

THE
INJURED HUSBAND;

OR, THE
MISSING RESENTMENT.

A
NOVEL.



THE
INJUR'D HUSBAND;
OR, THE
Mistaken Resentment.

THE Vicissitude of all human Affairs is so absolutely necessary to give Mankind a true Notion of themselves, that he who *seems* most fix'd in Happiness, and fence'd from every Blast of adverse Fate, sooner or later, is generally led by some unavoidable Impulse to quit his Haven of Peace, and share the Storm in common with those born under less auspicious Influences. The Baron De Tortillée, till he was about the Age of Fifty, had pass'd his Time in a perfect Tranquility; and tho' the Sweetness of his Disposition made him commiserate, and, to the utmost of his Power, assist all who labour'd under any Affliction, yet he himself was wholly insensible what it was to be uneasy: He had from his Infancy been bred at Court, and still continued to frequent it; but as

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he had preserv'd his Soul untainted with any of those modish Vices, which few of the *gay* part of it are free from; so he also did from that Spirit of Faction, which the *graver* sort, and those who aim at being thought *Politicians*, are so much sway'd by. He was entirely contented with his Lot, had no ambitious Views, and enjoy'd the Goods of Fortune in that Medium, which alone can make Life happy, neither maintaining a Port greater than his Estate wou'd conveniently allow, nor below what was becoming his Quality: this manner of Behaviour made him unenvy'd by his Equals, esteem'd by those of a superior Rank, and infinitely belov'd by his Inferiors; in fine, never was a Man more universally spoke well of. Thus he *liv'd*, and thus, in all Probability, had he *died*, had not his ill Fortune introduc'd him to the Acquaintance of *Mademoiselle la Motte*, in whose Conversation he found Charms sufficient to make him wish to change his Condition, if by it he cou'd obtain her for a Wife. This was a Lady of none of the meanest Families in *France*, and at the Death of her Father was left Mistress of a considerable Fortune; but tho' she wanted not Wit, she had been extremely deficient in her Conduct, and the Extravagance of her Expences reduced her in a short time to have nothing of the Woman of Fashion remaining but a few rich Cloaths; with these, however, and a tolerable Face and Air, she found Means for a good while to escape that, by the Young and Proud, dreaded Evil, the Show of Poverty. Those on whom before she had bestow'd her Favours *gratis*, were now oblig'd to *purchase*; and as soon as one grew weary of the Bargain, she still had the Address to gain another

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another *Bidder*: Sometimes three or four had an equal Share in the Property, but she had Artifice enough to make each believe himself the sole Possessor. *Don Philip D'Esperanz*, a *Spaniard*, was the last that supported her in this manner; but he being soon to return to his own Country, where he had a Wife and Family, she was beginning to cast about in her Mind where she shou'd find a fresh Supply, at the Time when she first became acquainted with the *Baron*. It is not to be imagin'd, that a Woman in the Circumstances she then was, would refuse an Offer, which in all her Bloom of Youth and Innocence she might have been proud to accept: — No, she knew the World too well; and pretending her speedy Compliance with his Desires was the Effect of a Passion, which Desert, like his, could not but create, deluded the enamour'd *Baron* with a Belief he was the happiest of his Sex; and they contriv'd to huddle up the Wedding in such a manner, that they were marry'd before any of his Friends had the least Notice there was such a thing in Agitation. At the first Discovery of it, 'tis hard to say, whether Pity or Amazement had the greatest Share in the Hearts of those who heard it; but being depriv'd of the Opportunity of informing him what she was, in Time, forbore to let him know the Ruin it was now too late to prevent, and contented themselves with silently commiserating his Condition.

If this Woman had been possess'd of the smallest Grain of Honour, Gratitude, or even common Good-nature, she wou'd have endeavour'd, by her future manner of Behaviour, to retrieve the Errors of the past. — To be taken from a

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State of Life, which, if not abandon'd by all Sense of Shame, must have been odious to her—to be reliev'd from all those Terrors which attend Uncertainty—to be deliver'd from the Insults of the judging World, and those, more galling ones, the Man who keeps: Has a Privilege of Inflicting; and rais'd from the lowest and most contemptible Degree of Infamy, to Wealth, to Credit and to Ease, were Blessings, such as one would think she should have been too sensible of not to acknowledge, and wish, at least, to prove they were not ill bestow'd: But she was wholly dead to such Considerations, she look'd on the large Fortune she was now become Mistress of, only as a larger Means to gratify her Inclinations; and as before she had so much Regard to her Reputation, as to endeavour to hinder the World from believing her so vile as she really was, she now gave a Loose to all the Salles of her ungovern'd Passions, imagining her Quality a sufficient Sanction for her Vices, and that no Body wou'd dare to say of the *Baroness De Tortillée*, what they wou'd have made no Scruple to alledge of *Mademoiselle la Motte*.

The Truth is, the *Baron's* singular good Qualities and affable Behaviour had gain'd him so universal an Esteem, that, in respect to his Character, (since Custom has made the Errors of the *Wife* a Reflection on the *Husband*) People were infinitely more sparing of their Censures than otherwise they wou'd have been, or than her Actions indeed deserv'd. When she was first married, Women of the best Reputation thought it no Scandal to visit her, and be seen abroad with her, and had still continued to do so, if she cou'd have restrain'd her Inclinations within

within the Bounds of even common Decency; but alas! she had no Sense of Honour or Decorum, but behav'd her self in so wild, so dissolute a manner, that in a little time none who but wish'd to be thought virtuous wou'd take notice of her; the very Men, who glory'd not in Debauchery, shunn'd her Acquaintance, or were ashamed to own it. This, which to a Woman, capable of any solid Reflection, must have made her look back with Horror on the Vices which had so justly render'd her contemptible, did not in the least alarm her, she still had a Set of Company who humbour'd her Vanity, and indeed she was easy in no other.

But, oh how Blind is Love! the Baron still continued to adore her, so much was he deluded by her Artillery, that even her Vices appear'd Virtues; the Profuseness of her Expenses seem'd to proceed from a Generosity and noble Magnanimity of Soul; which, however destructive to his Fortune, he cou'd not but applaud; the Liberties she took in her Conversation with Men, pass'd for an innocent Freedom which he cou'd not imagine a Woman really criminal wou'd dare to make use of. In fine, every thing she said, every thing she did was a new Charm to him; and neither the palpable Neglect which he found the whole World treated her with, nor the Remonstrances which some of his Friends, griev'd at his Infatuation, at last, grew free enough to make him, cou'd oblige him to look with a jealous Eye on her Conduct, or in the least abate his Dotage. Indeed, how little soever she seem'd to regard the rest of the World's taking notice of her Faults, she, for the most part, was cautious enough to prevent him from making any

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Discovery of them; or if at any time she was conscious of an Irregularity which might occasion his Suspicion, she knew how to bring herself off; she had Sighs, Tears, Swoonings, Languishments, at Command; no Woman that ever liv'd was Mistress of more Artifice, nor had less the Appearance of being so: Nature had given her a Countenance extremely favourable for her Purpose; and whenever she was pleas'd to join to those Looks of Sincerity and Innocence any Asseverations that she was so, it was hardly possible to believe her otherwise; her Voice too had a perswasive Softness in it, which it was very difficult to withstand; and one had need to be perfectly acquainted with her *Actions*, before one cou'd distrust her *Words*. And this is all can be said to vindicate the unhappy *Baron* from that Imputation of Stupidity, which the long Series of his Delusions have drawn upon him.

But to return to her History, which alone can give the Reader any just Notion of her Character: There was among the Number of those who now frequented her Drawing-Room, a Fellow call'd *Du Lache*; he was too disagreeable to be receiv'd in the Quality of a Lover, neither did he visit her with any such View; *Fortune* had been less kind to him than *Nature*, for what he wanted in *Beauty* was abundantly made up in *Cunning*; but he was so wretchedly indigent, that, tho' he had been employ'd in the Management of several Intrigues (for which no Body was more fit) he never had met with Persons who thought the Service he did merited the Supply of even the common Necessaries of Life: He was half perish'd for Want, when Chance brought him into the *Baroness's* Acquaintance;

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quaintance; they soon found in each other sufficient to create an Intimacy; and she thought her self no less fortunate in engaging to her Interest a Person whose Brain was capable of projecting every thing, and whose Principle was to scruple nothing; than he did in having it in his Power to oblige a Patroness, whose Humour he perceiv'd was not to make scanty Retributions for Service such as his: In a short time his *Tatters* were exchanged for *Embroidery* and *Brocade*; he had Money in his Pocket, went to *Court*, to the *Opera's*, Gaming-Houses, Assemblies, kept Company with Gentlemen, and, to those who knew him not before, appear'd like one himself: His Business was, in all publick Places, to extol the Wit and Beauty of the *Baroness De Tortillée*!—to make all Women appear vile in Competition with *her*—if he heard one fam'd for any Excellence, to form some Story to degrade her—to break off intended Marriages—to render those already wedded the Objects of each other's Hate; and, in fine, where-ever he found a noble Friendship between Persons of different Sexes, to endeavour to *disunite* or make it appear *scandalous*. *Malice* is seldom barren of Invention, and People that apply themselves to this kind of Mischief, have generally a manner of *insinuating* what they wou'd have believ'd, which *Truth* and *Honesty*, disdaining to make use of, are perfect Strangers to. *Du Lache* was so successful in his Employment, that tho' the *Marquis De Sonville* had long lov'd, and been belov'd by one of the finest Women of the Age; not all her Charms, her Tenderness, her Constancy cou'd maintain the Place she held in his Affections, when once attack'd by the Artifices of this subtle Villain;

him; he soon was brought to lessen his *Estem*, and that destroy'd, all that remains of *Love* is scarce worth calling so; *Indifference* immediately succeeds, and the Heart is free to receive the Idea of the first agreeable Object that presents it self. No Body can doubt but that the *Baroness*, for whose sake all this was done, was the Person introduc'd: He was no sooner discover'd to grow cool toward his former Mistress, than he was brought to visit her; and she being extremely desirous of engaging him, and knowing how to form her Behaviour to all Humours, found it no Difficulty to suit her self to his.

She also found her Account in the Addressees of the young *Chevalier St. Aumar*: he was handsome, gay, gallant, and liberal to an Excess! He profess'd publickly his Admiration of her, waited on her where-ever she went; treated, and made her very rich Presents! One wou'd think, indeed, that this *last* Article shou'd have but little Sway with a Woman of the Station she now was rais'd to; but alas! if the *Baron's* Estate had been twice doubled; it wou'd have been too small for those Expences, which, to indulge a Temper, such as hers, were absolutely necessary: She was now above making Assignations at any of those mean Places of Entertainment she had formerly been accusom'd to; all must now be done with an Air of *Grandeur*; her *Embroiderer*, her *Milliner*, her *Mantua-maker*, her *Tire-Woman*, had all of them Houses of their own handsomely furnish'd at her Charge; and adorn'd fit to receive a *Messalina* equal to the first in Greatness. It must be confess'd that, in *this*, she was politick enough, for whoever had seen her at any of those Peoples Houses, wou'd
not

not have believ'd she came thither out of any other Design than to consult about her *Dress*; but then it requir'd almost a *Prince's* Revenue to supply the Demands of those *Creatures*, and purchase the least tollerable Assurance of their *Secrecy*. The Jewels, therefore, and other valuable Things, which the Prodigality of *St. Aumar* bestow'd on her, were of great Service; for the poor *Baron*, who was always pleas'd to see her appear magnificent, imagin'd they were bought with that Money which was really employ'd in Bribery on the Instruments of his *Disgrace*.

But, tho' she found it very much to the Advantage of her *Interest* as well as *Pleasure*, to converse with *St. Aumar*, her Acquaintance with *La Source* was infinitely more so to the one, tho' far incapable of the other: He was old, deform'd, diseas'd, and had nothing either in his Person or Address which cou'd render his *Cares* supportable to a Woman of any Taste; but the Abundance of his *Wealth* counterbalanc'd all other Deficiencies, and this fine Lady receiv'd him in his Turn, with all the Softness and obliging Tenderness that the most lovely of her Admirers thought themselves happy in Possessing; 'twas to them all, indeed, but *feign'd*, and therefore the same Arts she practis'd to impose on others might easily be us'd on him, for in Reality she never knew what 'twas to love sincerely; and, at a Time when, perhaps, there were twenty (tho' each believ'd himself the only Blest) who possess'd all the Favours she was capable of bestowing, she was over-heard to say, (to one that was Partner in all her Secrets) that that Woman was a Fool that ever gave her self the least real Uneasiness on the account of

Love:

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Love: — A Topknot tied amiss, said she, would give me greater Pain than the Eternal *Damnation* of all Mankind. — Not to be *Ador'd* indeed, is not to *Live*! and to engage the Affiduity of a Fellow one likes, 'tis necessary to counterfeit a Passion. 'Tis certain she did it with such Success, that the most discerning Eye might have been deceiv'd; How then cou'd *La Sourbe* escape the Snare? He had but little been accusom'd to the Conversation of Women, and was utterly ignorant of the Wiles laid for him. — He thought himself in Heaven, and cou'd scarce contain his Senses amidst that Profusion of Delight, her Wit, her Gaiety, her endearing Softness shower'd upon him. He knew not how, sufficiently, to show the Sense he had of such a Blessing as her Love, and thought of nothing but the Means of returning it to the utmost of his Power! — All his Hours, his Fortune, his very Life, was wholly at her Devotion; and she had so absolute a Command over him, and knew so well her Power, that she even made him the Instrument of forwarding her Amours with others. But it was not only to her own Management she was indebted for making this deluded Gentleman subservient to her Ends, *Du Lache*, as in all the rest of her Intrigues, was no inconsiderable Assistant here: He was extremely ready at Invention, had a thousand little Stratagems to prompt decaying Desire, and as many Ways to make the Person whom he found it his Interest to deceive deaf to all Arguments but those he undertook to maintain.

But, notwithstanding all his Cunning, he was extremely put to a stand, when coming one Morning, as was his Custom, to visit the *Baroness*,
and

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and receive her Commands, he found her at her Toilet uneasy to the last degree; she had two or three Attendants in the Room, whom, as soon as she saw him enter, she dismiss'd, and stepping to him with something of a disorder'd Motion, O *Du Lache*, said she, I have wish'd for you this Hour — I am distracted in my Thoughts, and if your, hitherto successful, Wit should now fail me, I am undone for ever — Forbid it Heaven! answer'd he strangely surpriz'd. Yes, resum'd she, I again repeat it, I am undone, ruin'd for ever, unless you find the Means to help me. — All in my Power, Madam, added he, you know you may command. Talk not of Power, interrupted she impatiently, this must — this shall be in your Power, unless you wish to see me do some desperate Deed — if disappointed here, — in the extremest Wish my Soul e'er knew, I'll murder you, — my self, and all who want the means to ease me: She join'd to these Words so wild a Look and Motion, that *Du Lache* repented he had seem'd to doubt of his Ability to serve her, and endeavour'd to remedy that Fault by swearing that he would bring about whatever she employ'd him in, let the Nature or Consequence be what it wou'd. She appear'd something more tranquil at this Assurance, and seating her self, and obliging him to do so, I am satisfied, said she, that your Zeal to serve me will carry you to great Lengths; nor do I think, when I have the Power of reflecting, that the Task I now enjoin is at all more difficult than those you have already gone thro', with all the Success I cou'd desire; but, alas! continu'd she, beginning to relapse into her former Disorder, the excessive Eagerness with which my Spirits are

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are agitated in Pursuit of the Blessing I would possess, and the certain, everlasting Misery I must endure, should my Endeavours fail; confuses, drives me mad, — My Soul will never know a Moment's Peace, till true Enjoyment shall destroy Suspense. I cannot rest while there remains a Possibility of being wretched — Wretched, did I say? How poor are Words to express what 'tis I mean! — 'Twould be a Curse beyond Damnation. — She utter'd many more the like Extravagancies, till *Du Lache*, a little recover'd from the Astonishment her Behaviour had put him in, interrupted her by saying that, if to be disappointed of her Aim, would plunge her in such Horrors, the Possession of it must certainly afford her adequate Delight, and begg'd her to think on that, and rely on his Industry to compass it, as soon as she should inform him by what Means. Well then, (said the *Baroness* composing her self as much as possible) I will no longer doubt a Management which never yet has fail'd me; nor in the least imagine, that in the Perplexity you see me you will not do your utmost for my Relief. Know then, continu'd she sighing, my present Disorders are occasion'd by a Passion, the Force of which I ne'er before experienc'd. — Oft have I lik'd, but never, never lov'd till now. — One fatal Moment has inform'd me more, than all the various Amours of many Years cou'd do — Oh! I have seen a Man whose Looks! whose Voice! whose every Motion is Enchantment — At the first View my melting Soul dissolv'd — but when he talk'd, methought, my very Life flew from me, — the soft Delight was more than Sense cou'd bear. — O, *Du Lache*, thou know'st

know'st this Prodigy of Charms — this Wonder of his Sex — this more than Angel — yet, dull, dull as thou art! thou never spok'st him as he is. — Oft have I heard thy Tongue repeat the Name of *Beauclair*, but not with Raptures to enflame Desire. — Why, too ungrateful Friend, wert thou so careless of my Happiness, as not to let me know that there were joys in Love beyond all I had already tasted? — Cou'dst thou — Tell me, I say, is it owing to thy Stupidity, or the Thanklessness of thy Nature that thou cou'dst converse with *Beauclair*! the adorable *Beauclair*, without a Wish *Tertulike* might be blest in his Possession! 'Tis impossible to represent the Confusion that *Du Lac* was in when he heard the Name *Beauclair* mention'd in that manner: He knew indeed, that he had all the Perfections that the *Baroness* had describ'd, and was not at all surpris'd to find her so much more charm'd with him than ever she had appear'd to be with any other; but he knew also that, all lovely as he was, the *Graces* of his *Mind* were far superiour to the *Beauties* of his *Person*, and was sensible there were some Obstacles which he had good reason to fear wou'd be invincible ones, in her way to the Happiness she aim'd at. In the first Place, the Heart of *Beauclair* had long been devoted to a young Lady fam'd for, and really Mistress of, every Excellence that cou'd adorn a Woman; that he was contracted to her before he went to his Travels (from which he was but lately return'd) and that there wanted nothing to compleat the solemnizing the Nuptials of this accomplish'd Pair, but the Recovery of a darling Brother, who at that time lay ill of a Fever. But tho' this of it self was

suf-

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sufficient to deter *Du Lacbe* from entertaining any presumptuous Hopes in favour of *Tortillée*, yet the Character of *Beaulair* was infinitely more so, he had Honour, Constancy, Good-nature, and to all these Virtues an excellent Penetration which render'd it almost an Impossibility to impose upon his Judgment: He plac'd not his Affections on *Montamour* (for that was the Name of his intended Bride) without a perfect Knowledge how worthy she was of them: and the Charms of the one, and the Wisdom of the other, was a Bulwark which this insidious Villain fear'd wou'd be impregnable to all the Stratagems his Cunning cou'd invent. The Vexation this Consideration gave him kept him from making an immediate Answer to what the *Baroness* had said, 'till guessing the true reason of his Silence, she prosecuted her Discourse in this manner. I wonder not, resum'd she, that you appear disorder'd at the Request I make. A Lady who sat by me last Night at the Opera, where I beheld this Idol of my Soul, gave me his whole History, and I suppose 'tis his Engagement with *Montamour* makes you doubtful how far you may be able to prevail in behalf of *Tortillée*. You think, perhaps, her Charms maintain too forcible a Lustre to be eclips'd by mine, and are unwilling to embark in a Design which you imagine cannot easily be accomplish'd; but know (continu'd she with a Frown) that I am resolv'd to triumph over this happy Rival, or die in the Attempt— therefore contrive some Means, and that this Moment too, to make me blest, or be assur'd I will not brook the Disappointment unreveng'd. *Du Lacbe*, who knew the natural Obstinacy of her Temper, made much more so by the Violence of her present

present Desires, found it wou'd be altogether fruitless to set before her Eyes the little Likelihood there was for her to succeed; all he cou'd do, was to entreat her Patience, and protest by all the Oaths he cou'd invent, that he wou'd exert his utmost Abilities to procure the Satisfaction she requir'd: And perceiving nothing but an absolute Dependance cou'd make her less desperate, he was oblig'd to give her Hopes (which himself believ'd were but fallacious) that in a few Days she shou'd be in Possession of all her Soul was bent on.

It was now that he found himself in the greatest Perplexity he had ever been in all his Life; the more he consider'd on the Promise he had made, the less Probability there appear'd of making it good; and to fail, he knew wou'd ruin him with the *Baroness* for ever: his *present Subsistence*, and his Hopes of making his *future Fortune*, depended on her Favour, and he grew almost distracted, when, after a thousand various Projections, he cou'd find none that seem'd feasible to preserve it: He endeavour'd however to delay the Misfortune he dreaded, and by concealing his inward Perturbations, and always, in her Presence, appearing with his former Gaiety, made her indeed believe he really had found the Means of doing what she expected from him. To divert her Thoughts as much as possible from *Beauclair*, he never suffer'd her to be alone; and whenever the *Baron's* Absence gave them an Opportunity, he contriv'd that either the *Marquess De Sarville*, the *Chevalier St. Aumar*, or *Monsieur La Sourbe*, or some one or other of her *Devotees*, shou'd be perpetually with her; but all this was of but little Efficacy, she was so far

far of the Humour of *Mankind*, that if *Beauclair* had been less agreeable, yet he was un-enjoy'd, and, therefore, most desirable. She was willing, however, to trifle away the Time in these Amusements, till that happy Moment should arrive, which was to give her more ecstatic Joys. And knowing the Subtily of *Du Lache*, and how much it was his Interest to oblige her, did not greatly doubt but that some way or other he would bring it about. The Truth is, it ever was uppermost in his Thoughts, but he found so little likelihood that any Efforts he should make would meet with Success, that he was beginning to despair; when on a sudden, his prompting Friend, which seldom left him long unaided, put it into his Head, that *Mademoiselle Sansfoy* might be of Use in the Mischief he endeavour'd: This was a Lady whose extreme Love of hearing herself speak made her often the Instrument of both Good and Ill, without any Intention of her own to serve the End of either; she had a great deal of *Vanity* in her Nature, and therefore could not be without an equal Share of *Coquetry* in her Behaviour, and as she was excessive fond of being admir'd by the Men, could not be capable of any real Regard for the Women: She took a vast Pleasure in piquing any one more amiable than herself, and was never so happy as when she had the Power of giving Pain: She dress'd well, was young, gay, and perfectly well shap'd, had very regular Features, and a most delicate Complexion — and to all this, an uncommon quickness of Apprehension, a ready Thought, a free and easie Delivery of her Words, and an entertaining Turn in Conversation, which made her Company every where desir'd: She was acquainted

quainted both with *Beauclair* and *Montamour*, and had with the latter as great an Intimacy as the Difference of their Humours wou'd permit. It was not difficult for a Person of much less Discernment than *Du Lache* to find out what manner of Address wou'd be most acceptable to this fine Lady; he had several Times happen'd to meet her at a Place where he had visited, and from that took the Liberty of going to see her at her House; he wanted not Words to excuse, nor the good Humour to forgive the Boldness, and perceiving himself favourably receiv'd, after a thousand Encomiums on her Beauty had usher'd in the Discourse, he told her that nothing had ever so much the Power of giving him Surprise, as that *Beauclair*, who had seen the Wonders of her Charms, cou'd so far wrong his Judgment, and the good Opinion the World had of his Wit, to give *Montamour* the Preference in his Esteem. It must be confess'd indeed, said this subtle Detractor, that she has lovely Eyes, a fine Shape and Air, a vast deal of Wit; and, where *Sansfoy* is absent, is Mistress of a thousand Soul-attracting Graces; but, when you both appear together, I cannot help believing that *Beauclair*, and all (as many such there are) who think like him, are Blind. He very well knew the Effect these Words wou'd produce, and that a Woman of the Temper she was, to whom they were directed, is not so angry with the Praiser, as the Prais'd. *Sansfoy* immediately grew pale with Envy, and imagining that what *Du Lache* had said of the Passion of *Beauclair* for *Montamour*, only express'd a mannerly Commiseration of her Want of Charms who had not Power to engage him, was ready to burst with

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inward Spite all the time he had been talking, till, able to contain no longer, I know not (said she with a disdainful Toss of her Head) how many there may be of *Beauclair's* Mind in his Admiration of *Montamour*; but I am very sure that none, besides himself, take any Pains to be well in her Esteem; and, perhaps, the little Interruption he has to fear in his Addresses there, is the greatest Inducement to his making *Security*, added she, is a valuable Article in *Marriage*, and as he designs her for a *Wife*, Housewifery, Silence, Meekness, Obedience and Humility are the Accomplishments he thinks most necessary. But Madam! (return'd *De Laube*, rejoic'd he had wrought her to a Disposition proper for his Purpose) do you really believe this seeming virtuous Lady is what she appears to be? is there no favourite Lover who in the dark triumphs over *Beauclair* — I have heard odd Stories, which yet bear a Possibility of Truth. — For Heavens sake what? (interrupted *Sanisoy* eagerly) who is the Man? Pardon me, Madam! answer'd he, I dare not make Reports, which I am not sure may not be fabulous. — I would not for the World be guilty of Injustice — Nay, tho' I knew all I have been told were positively True, I am too tender of Ladies Honour to repeat it. The natural Curiosity which always made her inquisitive into the Affairs of every Body, pointed now with Malice, fill'd her with perfect Agonies; She would have given almost a Limb to be let into this Secret, and the greater Unwillingness he pretended to divulge it, the more she grew impatient to discover it. She entreated him with so much Earnestness, and so many Conjurings, that at last

ast he seem'd won by 'em, and told her a long Story which he had before invented; the Sum of which was, that Monsieur *Galliard* had long been an Admirer, and in secret possess'd all the Favours that *Montamour* cou'd give. The Reason why this artful Villain made this Gentleman a Property to further his Designs was, that he knew *Sansfoy* had a prodigious desire to engage him, and of Consequence wou'd more industriously blaze abroad the Scandal he aim'd at, than if he had mention'd a Person more indifferent to her; he knew also that he had been acquainted with *Montamour* from her Childhood, that he was accounted of an amorous Disposition; and that he profess'd an extraordinary Friendship for that Lady. And tho' there needed not all these Probabilities to make the censorious *Sansfoy* believe all he said, yet he was sensible there was Occasion for many more, and stronger, to oblige the rest of the World to entertain an ill Opinion of a Woman who had ever behav'd with an exemplary Discretion.

This was the first Step *Du Luche* had made toward the disuniting the Affections of these two amiable Persons; the next was to ingratiate himself as much as possible with *Beauclair*. He had a good Voice, and Judgment in Musick, and being told that Gentleman was a great Admirer of it, found means to oblige him to a liking of his Conversation, by presenting him with some fine Compositions which he pretended had been sent him by some of the best Masters in *Italy* whom he kept a Correspondence with. Not all *Beauclair's* Wisdom cou'd defend his Good-nature from being deluded by the Artifice of this common Traytor to all Honour and Virtue, he be-

came extremely pleas'd with him; and far from suspecting his Designs, let him into all his Affairs with a Freedom which some time after he found he had sufficient Reason to repent. One Day as they were alone together, he told him he had been the Night before at *Montemour's*, that *Sansfoy* was with her, and staying till it was late, he had waited on her Home; that as they went, she had given him some Hints he was not so happy in the Affections of his Mistress as she had made him hope, and that *Galliard* was mention'd by her in a manner which, tho' he was not inclinable to Jealousy, had given him much Disquiet. 'Twas with a vast deal of Satisfaction that *De Lucbe* found his Plot had so well succeeded on *Sansfoy*, and now began to hope there was a Possibility of deceiving them all, by the same means he had done her; he dissembled his Sentiments however, and seem'd to regard what *Beauclair* had told him, but as a thing in which he had no manner of Concern; tho' all the Time he was in his Company, his Invention was at Work how to make the best Use of what he heard, and having hit on a Thought which seem'd to be a lucky one, disengag'd himself as soon as possible, and went about the Execution of it.

He saw that with Wisdom, Honour, Generosity, Sweetness of Disposition, and a thousand shining Qualities which made up the Character of *Beauclair*, there were certain Frailties mix'd, which prov'd him not absolutely Divine. From their last Conversation he gather'd, that an Impatience of Indignities, and a too great Aptitude to credit all Reports that should be made him, gave Treachery an advantageous Ground to dart her

her Arrows from; and perceiving that those little Reflections *Sansfoy* had made, had been sufficient to give him Pain, he resolv'd to strengthen what she said, by Proofs which should wear the Appearance of Infallibility.

Tondarn and *Le Songe* were Men that had no other Dependance than their Wits, and if employ'd in any Design which they found it their Interest to undertake, thought it the least of their Business to enquire whether it were honourable or not. A publick Oath, or private Assassination, were what at any time a Prospect of Advantage would lead them to. *Du Lache* was perfectly acquainted with their Principles, and in his Days of Poverty had been one of their Associates, and therefore made no Doubt but he should find them both willing and able to serve him in his present Affair. The Moment he left *Beauclair* he sent for them to his Lodgings, and having communicated the whole matter to them, and receiv'd their Promises of Assistance, they all together agreed on a Stratagem which was accordingly executed the next Morning in the manner following.

Du Lache went pretty early to give the *Bon-jour* to *Beauclair* at his Lodgings, and after some little Discourse of ordinary Affairs, ask'd that Gentleman, whom he knew to be a Lover of it, to walk with him, it being a Morning full of Temptation; the Proposition was agreeable, and as soon as he was dress'd they went together on Foot towards the *Louvre*, designing for the Gardens: But as they turn'd the Corner of a little back Lane, which carried them to the great Street before the Palace, they heard a sudden

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Clash of Swords; and immediately saw two Men engag'd in so furious a manner, as if each had vow'd the other's Death: But one of them seem'd less skilful in the use of his Weapon, and was press'd upon by his Adversary with so much Advantage, that in all Appearance he must have fallen or yielded, if *Beauclair* and *Du Lache*, no other Persons happening to be near, had not run in to his Relief: The Moment they advanc'd, the Person that seem'd to be the Foil'd, took to his Heels, and was immediately out of Sight; his Antagonist made an offer of pursuing, yet not so eagerly but that he was easily with-held by *Beauclair*, who asking what had been the Occasion of their Quarrel and how it happen'd that they had made Choice of a Place so unfit for their Purpose, cou'd get no other Answer from him, than that he was undone! and that to have been hinder'd from pursuing the Person with whom he had been fighting, was a more cruel Misfortune than the Loss of his Life would have been, had the other got the better. *Beauclair* was prodigiously amaz'd at these Words; he could not imagine that a Fellow of the Rank he appear'd to be (being dress'd after the manner of a Valet) cou'd have so nice a Sense of Honour as to prefer it to his Life; and had a great Curiosity to know of what Nature this Affair was, which made him extremely pleas'd when *Du Lache* pretending an equal Astonishment, press'd the Man to relate it. At last, seemingly overcome by the Perswasions of Gentlemen to whom he ow'd his Safety, he told 'em (after he had engag'd their Promises never to reveal the Secret he was about to intrust 'em with) that he was a Dependant on Monsieur Galliard, had

the Mistaken Resentment. 25

had formerly liv'd with him, and was now employ'd by him in the Conduct of an Amour which, if discover'd, would certainly be of fatal Consequence. The young Lady, said he, with whom my Master (for I still call him so) is enamour'd, is of Quality, and has a Brother whom the least Occasion of Suspicion would set on fire for the Honour of his Family. Every Body knows the Temper of *Mademoiselle Galliard*; that she is one of the most jealous Women on Earth, and being fix'd in a Belief that she is not so well in her Husband's Affections as she cou'd wish, makes it her whole Study to find out what Woman is the Cause, for some such one she is sure there is, and if discover'd will not fail to expose her in the most gross and shameful manner imaginable. Now you must know, *Messieurs!* (continu'd he) that this Lady being pretty closely observ'd by the Brother I told you of, and a Gentleman whom she is shortly to be married to, cannot oblige my Master with her Conversation, neither so frequently nor so long as both of 'em desire; but his Impatience had contriv'd a Way to remedy that Misfortune. He provided a little Ladder of Ropes, which she fastening to her Window, he might easily enter, and pass a whole Night with her. This very Ladder, and a Letter appointing the Hour he was to go, I was this Morning to deliver to her; but, Oh unlucky Accident! *Mademoiselle*, whether she over-heard the Orders he was giving me, or whether she only suspected my so often coming to the House and being in private with my Master was on some such Design, I know not, but she immediately sent a Fellow, a Creature entirely at her Devotion, after me, who following me without my

my taking Notice, or in the least imagining he was behind me, till we came into this bye Lane, where he snatch'd my Bundle from me, which, unsuspecting any such thing, I held carelessly in my Hand, he immediately whipt it into his Pocket, and drawing his Sword to defend his Prize, perceiving I was doing the same to recover it, engag'd me in the manner in which you found us.

There was a visible Alteration in *Beausair's* Countenance from the first Moment this Fellow mention'd the Name of *Goliard*, but when he heard him say, the Lady to whom he should have deliver'd the Ladder of Ropes, had a Brother, and that she was in a short Time to be married, his Face seem'd dy'd in Crimson, his Eyes shot Fire, and wild Impatience distorted every Feature. With what a Pleasure *Du Lach* observ'd it, the Reader will easily imagine, for I believe none will be so stupid as not to see that this was the Contrivance which had been form'd the Night before, and that those Fellows who seem'd such Foes, were no other than *Le Senge* and *Fondest*, who had confederated with the other, and invented this Story, which was likely enough to confirm the Suspicions *Beausair* had already, thro' *Sensley's* Suggestions, conceiv'd of the unblameable *Montanour*. This artful Villain, to farther the base Design so successfully begun, immediately cried out in a seeming Astonishment, Oh Heavens! This Lady whom you have been speaking of, is no other than *Montanour*, and this Gentleman, to whom with me you have been discovering her Weakness, the very Man who was design'd to make her happy in a Husband. A thousand Circumstances concur to make me know my Fears are but too true.

you

— What

What have I done (return'd the other with a well counterfeited Terror) what have I said? Wretch that I am — has my unwary Tongue let slip oughts that may discover what my Master would not for his Soul have known — has any inadvertent Word escap'd me, that may give you reason to imagine 'tis *Montanour* who is enamour'd of *Galliard* to so high a degree, that for his Sake she can consent to suffer Freedoms, such as I have been speaking of — Oh too too sure, (contin'd he tearing his Hair) I am, by some fatal Accident, made guilty, the Secret of my Master is betray'd, the Lady is expos'd, and we are all ruin'd. No, no, (said *Beauclair*, assuming as much as possible his accusom'd Serenity of Countenance) you are so far from being guilty of any thing can be call'd a Crime, that in making this Discovery, tho' undesign'd by you, you have oblig'd a Gentleman who never will be ungrateful. Take this (added he giving him a purse of Gold) and ever be assur'd to find a Friend in *Beauclair*. The Fellow seem'd to start at the Name of *Beauclair*, and after having several Times repeated, Good God! is it possible! fell on his Knees, entreating him, that in what manner soever he express'd his Resentments, that he would take no notice of him in the Affair. I am an unfortunate Gentleman, added he, who have a large Family, and no other Dependance than the Favour of my Master, and as it was not thro' Design but Accident I have made you acquainted with this History (little suspecting, Heav'n knows, how deeply you were interested in it) I beg my unhappy Children may not suffer for the Folly of their Father; for, sure I am, if *Montanour* shou'd know it is from me you learn'd
the

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the Secret, my Life would be the first Sacrifice he would offer to his Mistress's Reputation. All the Rage of Temper which *Beauclair* had been endeavouring to quell, return'd, at this last Word, with greater Violence than ever; and wholly unable to contain his Fury—His Mistress! interrupted he, Oh Damnation on the Thought! ten thousand Fiends torture her false deceiving Soul—Curse on her treacherous Charms,—her counterfeited Modesty,—her cool Reserve,—the Jilt,—the Hypocrite! was there no Man but me to have made a Property,—am I, of all my Sex, chose out as fittest for the Cover of her secret Lewdness? He wou'd doubtless have vented the o'er-boiling Passions of his Mind in many more such like Exclamations, if *Du Lache* had not reminded him of the Place they were in, and intreated him to conceal his Disorders till he should come into one where Privacy shou'd more conveniently permit him to indulge them. *Beauclair* thank'd him for this friendly Admonition, and turning to *Le Songe* (for it was he who had entertain'd him with this fine Invention) bad him be easie, for what ever he shou'd determine, to revenge the Wrongs *Gal-liard* had done him, it shou'd never be known by what means he made a Discovery of them. *Du Lache* parted from his confederate Villain with an applauding Smile, for the Success of an Enterprize which they promis'd themselves to be very merry at hereafter, and follow'd *Beauclair*, who, with an Air that spoke his inward Agitations, was walking toward the Palace Gardens: They took two or three Turns there, but the Charms of the Morning having drawn a good deal of Company, it grew troublesome to

this

this distracted Lover; he went Home again, and giving Orders not to be disturb'd, shut himself into his Closet with *Du Lache*. It was now this subtle Insinuator had an Opportunity of making every thing appear as he would have it: The prudent and reserv'd Behaviour which render'd *Montamour* an envy'd Example to all the young Ladies of her Time, by his Suggestions now seem'd all Artifice; and the Heart which had so long, and so justly, paid Homage to her as the most truly adorable of her Sex, was now brought to consider her as the vilest. At first his Resolutions were to send a Challenge to *Galliard*, but his mischievous Adviser with reason fearing that if they fought, which ever got the better, such an Encounter might produce an *Eclaircissement* sufficient to detect his Villainy, perswaded him, that as she had render'd herself unworthy of his Affection, she also had of his Regard, and that it was too much to hazard his Life in a Cause which when known cou'd neither add to his Honour, or restore that of the Person for whom he fought. To what End *Monfieur*, said he, shou'd you engage in a Quarrel of this Nature? *Galliard* is not a Rival whose Addresses *may*, but already *have* obtain'd every thing to the Prejudice of your Passion, and shou'd your Sword have all the Advantages you cou'd desire, what wou'd it avail? *Montamour* wou'd not be less unfully'd; his Blood cou'd never wash her Stains away, nor cou'd his Death give back that Virtue which alone can make her worthy of your Love. He us'd many more Arguments of this nature; and finding the other inclinable to listen to every thing he said, Methinks, resum'd he, it better wou'd become a Passion injur'd to that Degree

yours

years, is, to pay the Injustice with Scorn than
 Anger, and since Heav'n by a Means so
 unexpected, has given you a perfect Knowledge
 of her Perfidy, to imagine you will still con-
 tinue any Professions of Tenderness; there, wou'd
 be to harbour the most despicable Notions of
 your Understanding, to desist from them, with-
 out condescending to give her any Reason for so
 doing, wou'd be the most galling Revenge you
 can take. — For all those who have seen your
Admirations be Witnesses of your Contempt, — if
 Chance should bring you into her Presence, be-
 hold her with Indifference, — speak of her with
 Disdain, and, if possible, think of her as she de-
 serves, with Hatred. Or, (contin'd he, perceiving
Beauclaire cou'd not forbear sighing at that Word)
 if that is a Task too difficult to be accomplish'd
 presently, *say* at least to do so. — Believe me,
 who am perfectly well acquainted with the Hu-
 mour of the Sex, that nothing is so great a Shock
 as cool Indifference. — *Rage*, tho' express'd in
 the tenderest manner, still discovers there are Re-
 mains of Passion in the Heart which harbours it,
 and only feeds the Pride of her ill vented out,
 but a feint, an unregarding Air, stabs the vain Co-
 quette in the tenderest Part. You speak my Sense,
 answer'd *Beauclaire*, I do not believe any thing so
 truly stinging to Woman-kind, as when they find
 their Power of creating Inquietudes are past;
 and yet (cry'd he after a Pause) I ne'er observ'd
 in *Montamour* that Humour — but, (added he
 changing his Voice) she is all Artifice — all
 damn'd Deceit, and knows how to dress the worst
 of Vices with a Show of Virtue. *Du Larbe*, I have
 her, by Heav'n I do; — and she shall know
 I do, — I'll write and tell her so this very Mo-
 ment.

the Mistaken Repentment. 35

ment. Alas! reply'd he, how little is a Soul, in the Condition yours is, capable of judging of its own Conceptions ——— to say you hate, is to confess you love, ——— for Heaven's sake do not thus unman your self, ——— if you must write, let it be ——— What? interrupted *Beauclair*. I wish, rejoin'd the other, you'd give me leave to dictate. With all my Heart, (answer'd he) write what you think most proper ——— what you yourself in the like Circumstance wou'd say, but take care be sure, not to let slip one Word may look like Tenderness, and I will copy't over and send it to her strait.

Thus did this unsuspecting Gentleman, blinded by Passion, and footh'd by the base Arts of the most treacherous of all Villains, join in the Deceit against himself, and aid the Ruin of his own Hopes. *Du Lacbe* was too assiduous in Mischief to give him Time for Reflection, and taking Pen and Paper immediately writ in this manner.

To Mademoiselle *Adontamont*.

Nothing is more base than for the Tongue or Pen to make Professions of a Passion which the Heart is a Stranger to, yet nothing is more in fashion even among those who pretend to the greatest Honour, of both Sexes; but, as I resolve to be for ever out of it, so I will not accuse you, because I will not give you the Trouble of endeavouring at a Justification, which will be altogether vain.

This, therefore, comes to bid you an eternal Adieu, wishing you a long Series of Contentment in those Amusements you are pleas'd, at present, to place your Felicity in; and that the Memory of what has pass'd between

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her presence, may not hereafter afford a more just Oc-
casion of Disquiet to you, than to the

Once Passionate

BEAUCLAIR,

This, being extremely approv'd of by Beauclair,
was immediately copy'd over by him, and sent to
Montamour; but notwithstanding the Rage he
was in, and the seeming Reason he had to be so,
the Respect he had always been accusom'd to
pay this Lady, not all his Belief of her Unwor-
thiness cou'd utterly erase; he cou'd not bring
himself to treat her in this manner, without giv-
ing to his own Soul a Shock the most sensible it
cou'd sustain; and tho' he was perswaded to an
Assurance that what he did was entirely right,
he cou'd not do it without Agonies inexpress-
ible.

But if the *Sender* of these cruel Lines felt such
Disquiets, how infinitely more terrible must their
Influence be on the unfortunate *Receiver*! the
innocent, injur'd *Montamour*! Tho' her Modesty,
and the natural Reservedness of her Temper, had
kept her from making such violent Declarations
of her Passion, as many of her Sex are too apt
to do, yet never Woman lov'd to a greater or
more sublime Degree; had Life and *Beauclair's*
Satisfaction been at Stake, she wou'd have made
no Scruple to relinquish the one, if by it she
might have purchas'd him the other. With such
a Profusion of Tenderness she regarded him,
that her whole Soul was taken up, and render'd
incapable of any other Thought; nor had she
till this unhappy Moment, thro' the Course of
her

The Mistaken Resentment. 33

her Affection ever met with the least Cause to make her wish, she could be less devoted to him. How prodigious then, how much beyond what *Words* can represent, or even *Thought*, unfeeling it, conceive must be her Astonishment, her Grief, her Indignation, at these distracting Lines! It was but two Days since he had parted from her with all the Tokens of a Soul-raptur'd Passion, and what now cou'd move him to abjure it and renounce his Vows, was something so amazing, that it seem'd impossible. — She cou'd not presently believe her Eyes: — She read the fatal Scroll again and again, and being perfectly assured it was his *Hand*, had not the least hold for Hope his *Heart* was untainted with the Vices common to his Sex — She found herself utterly abandon'd, the Letter told her so, in Words too plain to suffer her to make a doubt of it; and what she endur'd in that Reflection, none, but those in the like Circumstance, can guess. The Hints he gave, that she plac'd her Felicity in Amusements in which he had no Part, she consider'd as the common Artifice of Mankind, who when they no longer find it to their Satisfaction to continue their Professions, to veil their own Inconstancy and Levity of Nature, throw the Odium on the Person they forsake: and in this View he appear'd so black, that for some Moments she found Ease in Hate. Stript of those Graces (said she to herself) which distinguish'd him from the rest of Men, and which alone cou'd excuse the Idolatry of my fond Soul, I should deserve the base Contempt he treats me with, shou'd I persist to love, — no, I'll despise him, drive him from my Heart forever — Ungrateful, as he is — unworthy even of

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my

my Remembrance. This Resolution seem'd indeed, most consonant to *Reason*; but alas! how little are the Slaves of *Love* capable of obeying such Dictates? The Weakness of her Sex, or rather the Weakness of her Passion, threw her immediately into soft Complaining. *Beauclair's* ten thousand Charms, his flowing Wit, his sweet coqueting Air, his tender Protestations, Languishment, and Vows, all came fresh into her Mind, and Streams of Tears put out the Fire of Rage. It was about Noon when she receiv'd this surprising Letter; and altogether unfit for Conversation, she was oblig'd to feign herself indispos'd, to avoid dining with her Brother who liv'd in the House with her, and was but just recovering from a long Fit of Sickness: The Necessity she had of postponing his Presence till she had a little overcome her Disorders, was no small Addition to them: The Marriage Ceremony between her and *Beauclair* waited only for this Gentleman's return of Health, and what Pretence she shou'd make for breaking it off, she knew not; for the Thought of telling him in what manner she was us'd by her ungrateful Lover, was insupportable, not out of a Womanish Pride of disdaining to confess she had been forsaken, but because she knew not how far and how fatally his Resentment might transport him, in the Vindication of a Sister affronted in so unpardonable a manner. If her Tenderness for *Beauclair* had, by his late Behaviour, been rendred less prevalent, she had a Generosity in her Soul which made her look upon Revenge as a Passion justly to be abhor'd; and how to prevent it, her Brother being naturally violent, gave her Disturbances little inferior to her

her

The Mistaken Resentment. 35

her others. She had also a long and an uneasy Debate within herself in what Terms she shou'd answer those Lines which had made so sudden an Alteration in her Fate, or whether she ought to answer them at all; and the Uncertainty in what way it was best for her to proceed in an Affair so every way distracting, took from her the Power of doing any thing for some Time.

Tho' 'tis possible whatever she had writ *Du Lache* might have found means to confute, and by construing her Words turn'd 'em to favour his Design, yet her Silence furnish'd him with an Opportunity of perswading *Beauclair*, that it was not only an Argument of her Guilt, but also, that had she but the least Desire to retain a Place in his Affections, she wou'd have made a Tryal of her Power, and endeavour'd to regain him: Her taking no Notice of your Letter (said he) is a proof that she rejoices in an Occasion to break with you, and thinks to be esteem'd by you is of so little Consequence, that she will not be at the Pains of one Invention (of which her Brain is sufficiently stor'd) to purchase it. With these kind of Suggestions he was always at his Ear, haunted him like his Shadow wheresoever he went, and never suffer'd his Resentments, by a Moment's Cessation, to grow cool, till he thought he had entirely brought about his End, of extirpating all Remembrances which might rise in his Soul in favour of *Montamour*.

Things being in this favourable Position, he thought it now high Time to introduce the *Baroness* into his Acquaintance; he had often mention'd her to him as a Person the most ex-

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traordinary of her Sex, and every now and then took Occasion to tell him he had several Times heard her speak the Name of *Beauclair* with a kind of Transport. Were she unmarried (said the cunning Villain) and Mistress of an Empire, the Admiration she pays your Virtues (for she is no Stranger either to your Person or Character) wou'd most certainly intitle you to share it with her. There are very few People, if any, of either Sex, tho' never so free from what we call Vanity, that feel not a secret Pleasure in hearing themselves prais'd, and indeed where such a Desire is not immoderate, it is rather an Argument of a *noble* than a *base* Nature. Ambition is laudable when it extends no farther than to excel in those Qualities which may render us agreeable to Society, serviceable to the World, and pleasing to Heaven; but when disregarding the *Substance* and grasping at the *Shadow*, we aim only at the *Reputation* of a Perfection, without taking any Pains to make us *worthy* of it, 'tis idle *Ospretation*, and often draws the Owner into worse Vices, *Envy* and *Detraction*. Such a Person can hardly endure another to be spoke well of, whereas the other hears his Companion extoll'd with no other Uneasiness than a secret Indignation against *himself*, for either his Inability or want of Application, to attain those Virtues he finds so universally applauded. *Beauclair* cou'd not be posses'd of ten thousand inimitable Graces, and be ignorant they merited Admiration, and tho' he was so accusom'd to create it, that he cou'd not be much transported at what *Du Lache* told him of the *Baroness*, yet the Sweetness of his Disposition made him always think himself oblig'd to the good Opinion of any one,

one, much more to a Lady's of whom he heard such Wonders. He seem'd very well pleas'd to encourage an Acquaintance with her, and the rather because he hop'd the Conversation of a Woman so agreeable and witty, as she had been represented, might be a means more effectual to drive *Montamour* from his Thoughts, than he found all the Efforts he had been able to make.

The Day which was appointed for him to accompany *Du Lache* in his Visit to her being arriv'd, it is not to be doubted but that, having notice of it, she took all imaginable Care to appear amiable in his Eyes; if there be any Charm which Art and Study can acquire, neither was here wanting to procure it; her Dress, her Looks and her Behaviour were all fram'd to please, and having thoroughly inform'd herself by *Du Lache* what best wou'd suit his Humour, she threw the vain *Coquette* entirely off, and wore the Appearance of the Woman of Honour—— Her Carriage, tho' affable and complaisant, was all on the Reserve, nor did she (so exact was she in Diffimulation) in the least Word or Action, all the Time he stay'd with her, swerve from the most nice Punctilio of Modesty. They parted extremely satisfy'd with each other; he consider'd her as an agreeable Acquaintance, and she him, as a Man whom in Time she might be able to subdue.

After this they had frequent Interviews, sometimes at her own House, and sometimes at *Mademoiselle D'ouvrier's* where *Du Lache* had also introduc'd him as if it were by Chance, and not with any Design of meeting the *Baroness*; tho' this indeed was one of those Places of Rendezvous before mention'd. But tho' his Carriage was full of Gallantry and Complaisance,

yet neither his Words nor Actions had any Symptoms of that Passion she was ambitious of inspiring, and which alone cou'd make her easie: To inform this Dulness of Nature (as she accounted it) she began to lessen her Reserve, and assuming an Air all soft and tender, talk'd to him, and look'd on him with that sort of kind Concern as is usual between the most near and affectionate Relations; and believing it necessary to give some little Hints that there was something yet more endearing in her Soul, wou'd now and then let fall a Word, cast an amorous Glance and vent a Sigh, as if it had escap'd her in spite of her Endeavours to restrain it; in fine, she manag'd with such Artifice, that he must have been as *insensible* as he was really *discerning*, not to have perceiv'd she lov'd him; but the Reluctance with which she seem'd to let any thing slip which might give him Cause to imagine he had made an Impression on her, extremely heightned his Esteem; and tho' he had not been able to drive the Idea of *Montamour* so much out of his Mind as to be capable of entertaining a new Flame, yet he could not help feeling a secret Satisfaction in the Influence he found he had over a Soul so nicely virtuous, and full of noble Sentiments, as he believ'd hers to be. The good Opinion he had of her, may, perhaps, seem strange, considering in what a vastly different Light her Character appear'd in the Eyes of most People; but till *Du Lache* (who had taken care to prepossess him with Notions all to her Advantage) introduc'd him to her, he was utterly unacquainted either with her Fame or Person. His Travels had taken him up some Years; and since his Return to *Paris*, his Engagement
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with *Montamour*, and the sincere Tenderness he had for her, entirely engross'd all his Hours, and left him not a Moment to throw away on Enquiries after any other Woman; and as the Sweetness of his Disposition made him always ready to think the best of every Body, it is not to be wonder'd at, that for a Time he was deceiv'd into a Belief of the *Baroness's* Virtue.

But the Respect which his too favourable Opinion had inspir'd him with, was far from forwarding what her Wishes aim'd at. She easily perceiv'd it, and truly judging, by the Fire she observ'd in his Composition, by the tender Language which sometimes trembled in his shining Eyes, and by the Air of all his Motions, that he was no Enemy to soft Desires, and that the distant Complaisance with which he treated her, was more owing to the Belief he had, that to offer at a nearer Familiarity would not be receiv'd, than to any Dislike to her, or Coldness in his own Nature, she resolv'd to act in such a manner for the future as should let him see that it was impossible for him to presume beyond a Pardon. She communicated her Intention to *Du Lache*, and order'd him that on all Opportunities he should hint to *Beauclair* something of her Passion, seem to be surpris'd at the Discovery he made of it, and pity the Conflicts he must imagine she endur'd between her Virtue and Desire. He extremely approv'd of what she said, and obey'd her Commands with such Success, that by what he told him, and by what himself had of late gather'd from the *Baroness's* Behaviour, the other was convinc'd it would be no Difficulty to obtain from that Lady the greatest Condescension he cou'd require. If thus en-

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courag'd he had refus'd to take the Advantages were offer'd him, he either must not have been a *Man*, or of a Soul much more refin'd than *Man* is ordinarily possess'd of. Tho' *Vanity* and *Curiosity* wear the Name of *Female Foibles*, yet they are often (without any other Incitement) the Occasion of making the most deserving Woman lament the Inconstancy of her Husband, or Lover. But to those two Motives, *Beauclair* had, indeed, a third: The Desire of banishing as much as possible all Remembrance of a Person he thought so utterly unworthy as *Montamour*, and as he has since confess'd, and as by the rest of his Character one may reasonably believe, this last was the most prevailing Argument which induc'd him to imagine an Affair like this cou'd be of any Consequence to his Happiness. But notwithstanding all that his Resentments to *Montamour*, or that Levity of Nature (too incident to his Sex) cou'd suggest, his Inclinations were not so much upon the Wing as to engage him to make any great Haste to prosecute the Consummation of it; and he had, perhaps, delay'd so long till something had happen'd to prevent all Desires of attempting it, if the Lady's Impatience had not made her take such measures as, in a manner, oblig'd him to declare himself.

One Evening as they were alone together at *Mademoiselle D'ovrier's*, (*Du Lache* having excus'd himself from waiting on *Beauclair*) she artfully waving all other Subjects of Conversation, turn'd it in such a manner, that it more wore the Face of *Chance* than *Design*, into an Argument on the Force of *Love*: She pretended to prove that whatever Indecorums were the Consequences of that Passion, they were wholly *unavoidable*, and there-

therefore cou'd not but be *pardonable*. A Man must have been very uncourtly indeed, that, whatever his Thoughts were, wou'd have disputed with a Lady on that Topick; *Beauclair* was more gallant, and believing that, if ever he desir'd any greater Testimonies of the Conquest he had made of her Heart, than what her Eyes declar'd, now was the Time to obtain them; he catch'd her suddenly in his Arms, and strenuously embracing her, cry'd out in a sort of Ecstasy, Oh Madam, how divinely good are you to declare your willingness to forgive Actions which cannot, by him who gazes on your Charms, but with Torments inexpressible be restrain'd: And perceiving she affected a little Astonishment at his Proceeding, Nay, Madam, continu'd he, by your own Words you stand condemn'd, I own my self a Lover, an Adorer of your Perfections. — I am no longer Master of my Passion — I must indulge the burning Wishes of my Soul — and you must pardon 'em — you have said you will, — and sure, you are too Heavenly to retract your Promise. — A thousand melting Kisses, on her Lips, her Eyes, her Breasts, made a delightful Parenthesis between almost every Word he spoke, and took from her the Power of answering, if she had attempted it; but she, who was truly charm'd with him, and had long languish'd for the Blessing she now so unexpectedly possess'd, was for some Moments too much transported to have Recourse to Artifice: Scarce knowing what she did, she mix'd her Breath with his; and as he held her, press'd him closer still! But Presence of Mind (which till this Juncture never had been absent from her Breast) resuming its former Place, and reminding her, how cheap, in his
Esteem,

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Esteem, a too easie yielding wou'd make her appear, oblig'd her to make some faint Efforts to get loose from his Embrace. — Oh unhappy and unguarded Woman that I am (said she, seeming to weep) by my own Inadvertency I am lost — this dangerous Charmer has search'd into my Soul, and found the fatal Secret out, which till this Moment I durst not tell my self — Oh I am undone for ever (pursu'd she after a Pause, and mustering all her Force to dart one piercing Glance) unless *Beauclair*, the wondrous, — the lovely, dear, destroying *Beauclair* will be kind enough to hate me — to take himself for ever from me — and let me see that all-undoing Form no more. First perish this Form (interrupted he, by this Time fir'd, if not with *Love*, with something which too often bears the Name of it) blind these Eyes! and new, and un-imagin'd Curses light on each Limb and Faculty of *Beauclair*, when he consents even in a Thought to quit the Divine *Tortillée*! Ah then, cry'd she, there is no Power in Heaven or Earth can save me — Fame, Duty, Virtue, are too weak Defence — against those conquering Eyes, that Shape, that Air, that Mein, that Wit, that Voice, those thousand, thousand Worlds of Charms: Death only is a Refuge for *Tortillée*. As she spoke these Words she sunk by degrees, and at last fell quite back, in a counterfeited Swoon, in the Chair she was sitting in; *Beauclair* started immediately from his, and run to the Door, but not to call any Assistance, or bring Water to revive her, (as perhaps some over-aw'd Lovers might have been stupid enough to have done) but to make it fast, and prevent any other Person from sharing with him in the Glory of restoring her to Life; nor was

was he, at his Return, at a Loss for means to bring her back to Sense: But if he cou'd have had Power to inform that Sense with a just Notion of the Happiness she was Mistress of, she had indeed been blest; his extravagant Extent of charming, if not a sufficient *Sanction* for the Crime, was yet a prodigious *Excuse*, and his unquestion'd Honour a Security for the Concealment of it: But alas! not all the Glories of his Form or Soul, not all the countless Wonders of his Wit and Beauty cou'd work that Miracle, and triumph over the Inconstancy of this universal Dispenser of her Favours: She who, engag'd with a Multiplicity of Lovers, cou'd find no Satisfaction while wanting *Beauclair*; languish'd for others, when possess'd of him; and this accomplish'd Gentleman in a little time serv'd but to swell the Number of her Admirers, scarce distinguish'd, in her Esteem, from those among 'em of the least Pretence to Merit.

But to go on gradually with her History: She now accounted herself superlatively blest, and perhaps was, for a Time, of the Opinion she never thou'd with a Joy more elevated than what she had possess'd in *Beauclair*; while he, deluded by his own good Nature, the Insinuations of *Du Lache*, and the Subtilty of this fair Imposture, rioted in Imagination, and grew almost vain on the Influence of his own Charms, which without an Attempt, or even a Wish that way, had vanquish'd a Heart he believ'd impregnable to the united Force of the whole World besides. *Montamour* was now no more remembred, her Beauty, and her reported Falshood were lost, amidst the hurry of his present Transports; but the fallacious Pleasure was hardly more than
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momentary; an Idea which once has made a true Impression, and which length of Time has rivetted in the Soul, is not with so much Ease eras'd: tho' exil'd for a while, by Cares, by Business, or another Object, a thousand tender Passages, in spite of us, occur, and bring the Charmer back! and he that once has lov'd *sincerely* is in great Danger of *always* loving. This was at least the Case of *Beauclair*; he was no sooner at home, and had Leisure for Reflection, than *Montamour*, adorn'd with all her Graces, came fresh into his Mind, and when he endeavour'd to extirpate her by thinking on *Tortillée*, he but gave himself Disorders which he found it impossible to quell—— If he compar'd, either the Beauties of their Minds or Persons, how infinitely superior to the latter, (setting aside the Belief of her Inconstancy) did the *former* appear! The Raptures he so lately had enjoy'd, already pall'd, and made Desire grow sick. The more he consider'd how much he was belov'd by *Tortillée*, the more he was distracted at the Thoughts that he had been unable to inspire the same Degree of Tenderness in *Montamour*: Glad wou'd he have been to have had it in his Power to return with something more than Gratitude that Vehemence of sincere Affection which the *one* seem'd so profusely to lavish on him, and to have paid the imaginary Contempt and Ingratitude of the *other* with Hatred and Disdain; but both these Wishes were impossible, and he found, in spite of all the Strength of Reason he was Master of, that *Love* is not a Passion liable to control. To add to his Disquiets, and put Reflection more upon the Rack, just as he was going to Bed, a Page from *Montamour* brought

the Mistaken Resentment. 45

brought him a Letter from her, which hastily opening, he found in it these Lines.

To Monsieur Beauclair.

THAT I answer'd Yours no sooner, was only owing to the Uncertainty I was in if I should answer it all. The Levity of a Mind which cou'd dictate Lines like those you writ, is, indeed, worthy of nothing but Contempt; but I am of a Temper constant to a Fault, and confess my self unable, immediately, to despise, what I have once, tho' causelessly, esteem'd!

You need not, however, be under the least Apprehension that after this you shall receive any Persecutions either from my Love or Resentment, and am so far from endeavouring to be justify'd in your Opinion, that I do not so much as ask of what I am accus'd; and conscious of no other real Guilt, on your Account, than in putting a too great Confidence in your seeming Sincerity and Honour, shall make use of so much Discretion as not to regard whatever imaginary Crime your Baseness may alledge against me, to vindicate your Change of Behaviour.

I think my self too much indebted to Heaven, for putting so early a Stop to any future Engagements with you, to look back with Regret on the past: much less to languish for a Renewal of those fictitious Protestations with which you once had the Power of Deceiving

The Unthinking

Montamour.

P. S.

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P. S. To let you see with how much Tranquility of Mind I bear the eternal Loss of you, I have perswaded my Brother, that our breaking off is owing only to my self; you therefore have nothing to fear either from his or my Resentments: If you never endure more from a too late Repentance, and the Reproaches of your own Conscience, you will be happy—

Adieu——for Ever.

With what sort of Emotions the Soul of *Beauclair* was agitated at the reading this Letter, wou'd be as impossible to describe, as it was for him to fix on any one Sentiment to give him Ease. The cold Disdain with which it seem'd to be writ, fir'd him, at first, with Indignation; he thought she gloried in her Falshood, and rejoic'd in an Opportunity to break with him; but when he consider'd it more carefully, he fancy'd he found a certain Stiffness in the Stile, which perswaded him her Indifference was but feign'd.——One Moment she appear'd to his Imagination, as she really was, all heavenly Truth, and Innocence, Languishing, Dying with the cruel Alteration of her Fortune, and only counterfeiting to despise a Heart which had so ungenerously abandon'd her——the next, he thought he saw her, as her Enemies had represented her, false, perjur'd and inconstant; in *Private*, dissolutely lavish of her Favours, and only hypocritically modest and reserv'd in *Public*——Sometimes, in spite of all Appearances, he was inclin'd to think her virtuous, but then the manner in which he was impos'd on to believe her
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otherwise, check'd the Suggestions of his Tenderness. — Long did the Fondness of his Passion struggle against all Opposition, till at last, resolving to give the Victory to that which seem'd to be the Result of *Reason* — I will no more debate (said he to himself) nor join to be my *own* Deceiver! — *Heaven* is not more *true* than *Montamour* is *false* — 'tis plain, and to have made a Doubt of it, after the Proofs I have had, is most ridiculous and vain: — No Envy, no Malice, no Design cou'd have the least Share in the Discovery of her Perfidy — the very Fellow who betray'd her to me, knew not that he did so; — I 'scap'd the dishonourable Title of her Husband by a very *Miracle*, and to deliberate has made me half unworthy the Deliverance. Oh (continu'd he ready to burst with stifled Love, and maddening Jealousy) how wou'd the fair Apostate and her curs'd Minion, the detested *Galliard*, triumph in my Pains, and deride my weak and shameful Irresolution, shou'd any Chance but give them Leave to gues it.

In this Confusion of Thought he pass'd the Night, nor did the Morning bring him any Return of Peace; and *Du Lache* coming pretty early to visit him (as indeed he was seldom from him but in these Hours commonly allow'd for Repose) was a little startled to find that all he had done, had been unable to fix him in that Disposition of Mind which the *Baroness* requir'd, and being from her perfectly acquainted with the Condescensions she had made him the Day before, had hop'd, till now, that in the possessing her all his Wishes for *Montamour* were utterly extinguish'd; but finding himself deceiv'd, bethought him of another Stratagem, which he had

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had reserv'd as a saving Card, in case there shou'd be any occasion to make use of it, to strengthen the Accusations he had already laid on that unhappy Lady by the means of *Le Songe*. As soon as *Beauclair* had given him an Opportunity, by communicating his Inquietudes to him, he exerted all his Policy in aspersing her, yet in such a manner, as if he did it with Reluctance, and only forc'd to it by the Friendship he had for him. Alas! said he, her Intreague with *Galliard* is not a thing of Yesterday, I long have been acquainted with the Secret, and so have many more, tho' every one knowing the Violence of your Passion forbore to speak of it to you: tho' never Man (continu'd he) had a more great and sincere Esteem for another, than my admiring Soul has ever paid you; yet, to have been Master of an Empire, wou'd not I have been the first to have divulg'd this to you, because I see (with an infinity of Concern I speak it) I see, in spite of all, you still must *Love*, and to know her Crime but racks your Peace, and Reason never can restore you to that Quiet which happy Ignorance bestow'd. At these Words *Beauclair* flew into the utmost Rage, swore she was hateful to him — that he thought not on her but with Contempt; and to engage the other to a Belief of what he said, protested his whole Soul was now devoted to another. I wish indeed (resum'd this vile Incendiary) that there were a Possibility for you to do so, for I am most sure you cannot any where bestow the Treasure of your Affection more undeservedly. ——— To convince you of the Truth of what I say, if you please I will wait on you to a Gentleman, a near Relation of mine, who by his Intimacy some time ago

ago with *Galliard*, was privy to the whole Affair; at my Request I know he will inform you of all the Circumstances, which he well knows; and there are some Particulars concerning the Treachery of this *Montamour* to Mademoiselle *Galliard*, to whom she once was dear, which I believe you will confess to be such, as vastly extenuate the Foulness of the Fact. Tho' *Beauclair* thought himself already but too well asfur'd, yet the Resolution he had made to hate her, and the Difficulty he found it would be to keep it, made him willing to listen to every Tongue that shou'd repeat her Name in such a manner as might hush the Pleas of Love, and drown all soft *Remoras* in the Voice of Scandal. An Appointment was presently made; and in the Afternoon, *Beauclair*, *Du Lache*, and *Toncarr*, who pass'd for his Kinsman, met at a neighbouring Tavern. It was impossible for *Beauclair* to have any Notion of *Toncarr*, having never seen him but once, and then only in the Struggle with *Le Songe*, when he immediately fled, as was his part; besides, he appear'd now dress'd *en Cavalier*, and had a Mein and Air agreeable enough to make him be taken for a Man of fashion. After some few Compliments, *Du Lache* intreated him by their nearness of Blood, and that much nearer Tye of Friendship which was between them, to relate what he had been privy to, of the History of *Galliard* as to his Concern with *Montamour*. He seem'd at first a little scrupulous, but afterwards, artfully pretending to be angry with himself, for denying him so long, Why, said he, shou'd I make any Objections against obliging a Man of Honour and my Friend, when what I have to say can turn

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only to the Prejudice of a Villain and my Enemy; I have renounc'd all Friendship with *Galliard*, and when I gave him his Life, at his Request, and promis'd Secrecy of all that had pass'd, the Conditions on which I made the Promise being broke, to proclaim it now to the whole World can be no Breach of Trust. Know then, Gentlemen, (continu'd he) I owe my Birth to *Naples*, but my Parents dying young, I was sent over, under the Care of some of my Mother's Relations, to *Orleans*, where I had an Uncle; as soon as I arriv'd at the Age of distinguishing Perfections, I became an Admirer of a Lady allow'd to be Mistress of all that Woman can be blest with; but Fortune not then enough my Friend to embolden me to make any Declarations of my Passion with hopes of Success, prompt-ed me to seek Preferment in the Army. *Hungary* was then the Seat of War, and four Campaigns sent me home in a Condition which I thought wou'd not appear despicable in her Eyes, by whom alone I wish'd to be well thought of. — But at my Return I found she was remov'd, with her Mother; it was some time before I heard she went to *Paris*; I soon follow'd, but tho' I made all possible Enquiry, was not able to inform my self any thing of her. I went to all publick Places, hoping to see her, knowing she was of a Disposition naturally inclin'd to Gaiety; but all my Search was vain: In this time I became acquainted with *Galliard*; he seem'd extremely pleas'd with my Company, took all Opportunities to oblige me, made me the Confident of his Amours, and among the rest, of his Affair with *Mademoiselle Montamour*; her Brother, as he told me, had forbid him his House, and he

he found some Difficulty in conveying Letters to her; he form'd a Pretence for me to introduce my self to the Family, which, as it wou'd take up too much time and be of no Consequence to the Story, I shall forbear to repeat: In fine, to repay some Obligations I had receiv'd from him, I took upon me to be his Emiffary, and they had frequent Opportunities of meeting thro' my means. I cou'd not avoid condemning him indeed, in my private Opinion, because I knew he had a Wife, who I heard by others was a most beautiful and deserving Woman, tho' he spoke of her as the *Reverse*; however, as she was an utter Stranger to me, I thought it would be Imprudence to interfere with any Advice, which 'twas probable wou'd only occasion a Breach of Friendship between us, and be of no Service to the Lady. Thus it pass'd on, till one day he invited me to his House, where I had never been before; but, good God! how shall I express my Astonishment, when in *Mademoiselle Galliard* I found the Charmer I so long had sought. The Confusion with which I beheld her as his Wife, and as a Wife so injur'd by him, must have been visible to him, had he been present; but he was that Moment as she came into the Room retir'd to his Closet to write a Letter which I was to convey to *Montmour*. She blush'd at sight of me, and burst into a Flood of Tears at remembering the Tranquility of her Condition when last she saw me, and perhaps mix'd with a sensibility of the Tenderness my Eyes tho' not my Tongue had often taken the Liberty of telling her, I felt on her Account. There was then no Opportunity of private Conversation: he soon return'd to us: but after that I had frequent Oppor-

tunities of discouraging her, and she made no Scruple of complaining to me of his Unkindness. — I was almost mad at the Inhumanity of my Fate; and tho' I thought my self most wretched in being depriv'd of her, yet I solemnly protest I was not so much troubled that she was married, as that she was so *unhappily* married. I could no longer be passive in the Affair. I told Galliard, that now I had seen his Wife, and found her a Woman so infinitely deserving, I cou'd not approve of his Proceedings. At first he laugh'd at my Admonitions, but finding I persisted, seem'd to take it ill, and assur'd me, he should always follow the Dictates of his Inclinations, without any regard to what those who had no Business with it, shou'd think of his Behaviour. Pretty well warm'd before, this Answer set me all on Fire, and I return'd it in a manner he knew not how to brook. — In short, we fought. I had the good Fortune to disarm him, and was about to revenge his Lady's Wrongs, when he intreated me to spare his Life, and swore ten thousand Oaths never to injure her again in the manner he had done. — On this I threw him back his Sword, and went immediately to *Montamour*, told her what I had done, and the Promise I had exacted from her Lover. — She appear'd enrag'd at my Presumption, as she call'd it; but as Women are generally pretty artful in penetrating into those kind of Secrets, she presently guessing my sudden dislike of their Intimacy proceeded from my Friendship to his Wife, soon grew more calm; and changing her Voice, Well *Monsieur*, said she, I see the Charms you have found in *Mademoiselle Galliard* have made you an Enemy to her *Husband*; but suppose I value your
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Friendship at so high a rate, that to oblige you to my Interest I contrive some way to put you in Possession of the *Wife*, will you refuse me then your Assistance in the Continuance of my Happiness with the *Husband*. So strange a Proposition coming from a Woman, who, bating her criminal Affection for *Galliard*, I always look'd on as Mistress of a good deal of Honour, took from me the Power of making an immediate Answer; and she interpreting my Silence as a Token of Consent, I will not, resum'd she, promise that *Mademoiselle* will yield to your Desires, she is too foolishly fond of her Husband, tho' he despises her, and too great a Bigot to her Matrimonial Vow; but this I will engage, to bring her to a Place where, if you think fit to make use of the Advantage, Denials shall be in vain. I vow to you, Gentlemen (pursu'd he) that the Shock with which I heard her speak thus, was greater than I am able to represent; the violent Passion I had bore to *Mademoiselle Galliard*, while I believ'd her in a Condition capable of returning it, was now converted to a sincere and noble Friendship; my Affection was too pure to wish to obtain more of her than Honour would permit, tho' with her free Consent; how then cou'd brutal Force have any Place in my Intentions? I soon convinc'd this mistaken Lady, that the Person she was speaking to was of a Temper vastly different from what she imagin'd; and endeavour'd, by all the Arguments I could invent, to persuade her to consider the Injustice she was guilty of, to *her self*, as well as to her *Rival*: but all was of no Effect; she seem'd harden'd in her Crime, and pretended to vindicate what

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she did with so much Haughtiness and so little Shame, that I question if the most common *Fille de Joye* in *Paris* cou'd with such Assurance have behav'd: She call'd me *Sot*, *Fool*, and every opprobrious Name her Spite and Anger cou'd put into her Mouth: told me she regarded not what my *Thoughts* were of her *Actions*, but if I dar'd to report 'em she had a Brother who wou'd not suffer the Abuse to go unpunish'd. Talking never was my Talent, and being altogether unaccustom'd to such kind of Encounters, she had very much the Advantage of me, and I was at last glad to leave her unconverted. I heard afterwards that all I had done prov'd ineffectual to break the Correspondence between her and *Galliard*; and I had not fail'd to call that dishonourable Wretch a second time to account, if his Wife had not writ to me, conjuring me to take no farther Notice of the Affair, for it but encreas'd his ill Usage of her in *Private*, and gave occasion for *Publick* Ridicule.

Toucan here finish'd his monstrous Lye; and *Du Lache*, tho' he had order'd him to form some Story which might seem plausible, to scandalize *Montamour* on the account of *Galliard*, was himself astonish'd at the Power of an Invention which out of nothing cou'd create such a well connected Pile of Falshood: for in reality he knew no more of *Montamour*, or her Brother, *Galliard* or his Wife, than their Names and Places of Abode. How then cou'd *Blaucclair*, already prepossess'd (by Proofs, which he thought were undeniable) suspect the Truth of what he heard? He ask'd several Questions, not to entrap him, but to satisfy his own Curiosity;

city; as how they look'd when together, what they said, and in what manner they behav'd; to all which *Tancarr* replied with such an Aptitude and Readiness, as whoever had listned to their Discourse, wou'd have sworn he utter'd nothing but Sincerity.

Tho' such a Story as this, of *Montanour*, some few Weeks past, wou'd have kindled such a Fire of Indignation in the Soul of *Beauclair*, as nothing but the Blood of him that told it cou'd have quench'd; yet now he heard it with no other Disorder than what sprung from the Shame of having been so much deceiv'd in his Opinion. If he had had leisure for Reflection, 'tis probable that in spite of all Opposers, *Love* wou'd still have exerted it self in favour of that Lady; but the Company he was in took care to keep off an Enemy so dangerous to their Designs. *Tancarr* was of a gay facetious Disposition, had a good deal of Wit, and knew how to make himself perfectly entertaining in Conversation; the Subtilty of his Companion furnish'd him with Themes such as he knew wou'd be agreeable to *Beauclair*, and between them both it was no difficult matter to work on that good Nature and Softness of Disposition, the Excess of which was the only Foible of this deluded Gentleman. The Glass went briskly round, and the sprightliness of the Wine gave Life to the Conversation; not a celebrated Beauty in *Paris* but was toasted, and it coming to *Du Lache's* Turn to begin, Come Gentlemen, said he, here is all Health and an eternal round of Happiness to Her whose exterior Charms (tho' by far surpassing all her Sex besides) are but as Foils, when brought in Comparison with the more shining Graces of her *Mind*, and

56 *The Injur'd Husband; or,*

when I thus describe her, none who boast of a distinguishing Capacity will need be told I mean the Divine *Baroness de Tortillée*. Immediately, *Toncarr*, before instructed, took the hint, and fell into such Encomiums on her, as in reality no Woman ever did, or cou'd, deserve. *Beauclair*, tho' he was far from being of their Opinion, thought himself oblig'd in Gratitude, for the Favours he had so lately receiv'd, to join with them in the Praises they gave her; and as most People are apt to admire what they find the rest of the World do, and having never had the Opportunity of hearing the least tittle to her Disadvantage, began to think on her as a Woman who had more Perfections than he had hitherto found out: he imagin'd it was owing to the Remains of his former Passion, that he had so long been blind, resolv'd to open his whole Soul to receive her Idea, and accus'd himself of Stupidity that he was able to love her no better.

They broke not up till it was late; and *Du Lache* fearing, with good Reason, that if *Beauclair* was left too suddenly to himself, some Accident might happen to render all they had done of no Effect, and discover that neither *Montamour* nor *Tortillée* were the Persons they had been represented, was resolv'd to trust nothing to Chance, but he went home with him, and carried him the next Morning to drink Tea with the *Baroness*, in the Afternoon met by Appointment at *Mademoiselle D'Ouvrier's*, engag'd him to pass the next Day with *Toncarr*, the ensuing one with the *Baroness* again. — In fine, for a considerable Time he had scarce a Moment which was not taken up by one or other of this Confederacy, and they took care by ten thousand various Ar-

tifices

fices to keep his Thoughts in a perpetual Whirl, till they imagin'd all Remembrance of *Montamour* was utterly extinguish'd.

In the mean time, never was a Heart more greatly distress'd than that of this unhappy Lady; to all the Softness of her own Sex, she had that Constancy of Mind, and Steadiness of Resolution, which those of the other *boast*, but rarely *prove* themselves Masters of. Difficult it was to make her entertain a Passion, but much more difficult to extinguish it. *Beauclair* was the only Man who ever had the Power to inspire her with one tender Wish; but now not *Beauclair's* self cou'd change her Sentiments: The Impression which his *Charms* had made, not all his *Ingratitude* cou'd erase; she lov'd, she worshipp'd, she ador'd him still; within her gentle Soul no Storms of Anger rag'd, no wild Revenge, no Jealousy had Place; and when she reflected how cruelly she was abandon'd, how causelessly affronted, she consider'd it only as a Flaw in his Disposition, a Frailty influenc'd by *Fate*, unavoidable and therefore pardonable. Never Woman bore the *Disappointment* of her Hopes with so little Resentment, nor so strongly defended her self from making any Endeavours to *recover* 'em. In spite of the most ardent Love, the softest Languishments, the tenderest secret Meltings of her Soul, cou'd urge, she chose to die away in fruitless Wishes, rather than let the *dear Unkind* be sensible of what she felt. She was so far from desiring to take any Advantage of his ten thousand times repeated Vows, or the solemn Contract that was between them, that her greatest Fear was, lest her Brother (if he knew the Truth of his Behaviour) shou'd take some measures to oblige

58 *The Injur'd Husband; or,*

oblige him to the Performance of it; and for that reason blinded him as much as possible: She told him, that she had discover'd some little Foibles in the Humour of *Beauclair*, which she was afraid might not be very agreeable in a married State, — that she was determin'd to continue as she was for some time, and that she had pretended to be piqu'd at something he had done, on purpose to create a Quarrel to retard the Match. The Turn she gave to this Affair succeeded well enough, to engage the Belief of a Person who by reason of his great Employments, (being Judge of the criminal Causes, one of the Council, and taken up with many other Concerns of the State) had not too much leisure to consider the Occurrences of his Family; but to the rest of her Acquaintance it was obvious that in this, tho' in this alone, she was not free from Dissimulation: her Eyes, whenever she attempted to speak of *Beauclair* with Indifference, declar'd her Heart was far from consenting to what she said: His very Name but mention'd spread soft Confusion over all her Face; with stifled Sighs her lovely Bosom heav'd! and gentle Tumults trembled in each Limb: she was sensible of it her self, and therefore, tho' her Thoughts were full of nothing else, forbore as much as possible all Discourse of him; but the Violence she did her Inclination was such, as Words wou'd but vainly endeavour to represent: to avoid it, she shunn'd all Conversation as much as she cou'd, without being taken notice of, and pass'd her Hours in Solitude and Silence. Contemplation afforded her widely different Entertainments, unutterable Pleasure! unutterable Pain! when retir'd, shut up within her Closet, no impertinent

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the Mistaken Resentment. 59

Interruption near, and *Beauclair's* lov'd Idea only present, his Letters fill'd with ten thousand, thousand tender Vows and soft Professions, lying before her, how did she indulge Imagination! how dwell on each enchanting Syllable! and when read o'er and o'er, Fancy grew warmer still! how did she call the past, blest, Moments of his Presence back! how re-enjoy each Word, each Look, each Touch, and sink in Rapture at the dear Remembrance! — but then! Oh dreadful Change! Imagination tir'd, the visionary Joy dissolv'd! and Sense, *distracting* Sense, return'd, what Racks of Thought, what unmatch'd Horrors sad Despair presented! To be supremely *curst*, one must be first supremely *blest*; never to have been *happy*, is not to be *unhappy*; such only linger out a Life in dull Stupidity, untasting *Pleasure*, and unknowing *Pain*; equally ignorant of *refin'd* Delight, or *exquisite* Disquiet — but, to have *lost* — to have lost, for ever, all the Soul holds dear — to have the Joys, once ours, torn from our bleeding Breasts by the black Hand of separating Fate, no more to be restor'd, — the cheerful Land of Hope obscur'd in Shades, and all before our Eyes a barren Prospect, and a Wild of Woe! that, that, indeed, is finish'd Wretchedness! Consummate Misery.

But, if to the being forsaken and affronted by the Man in whose Society she plac'd her whole Felicity, there needed any thing to make her the most unhappy Woman breathing, malicious Fortune found the way to give it. *Mademoiselle Bellfleur*, an Embroiderer, one of those Creatures whose Houses had been at the *Baroness's* Devotion whenever she had occasion for a private

60 *The Injur'd Husband; or,*

vate *Rendezvous*, had by some Accident discover'd that *Mademoiselle D'Ourier's* was now the Place that Lady had made Choice of, for the carrying on her Amour with *Beauclair*; and being excessively piqu'd at it, set her self on being reveng'd some way or other. She was sensible that nothing was more known than the Loves of *Beauclair* and *Montamour*, and that the whole Town was surpris'd at the Delay of a Marriage which so long had been expected; and imagining she had found out the Cause, resolv'd it shou'd no longer be a Secret. She had formerly been employ'd by *Montamour* in the working her some fine Gowns and Petticoats, and making that a Pretence for waiting on her, introduc'd a Story which the Hearer of it had little Reason to thank her for repeating; for tho' it was much more difficult to gain any Credit from this generous Lady to the Prejudice of her ungrateful Lover, than her Enemies had found from him even for the greatest Falshoods; yet the bare Probability that such a thing might be true, was a Shock which cannot well be represented. In Justice to herself, she cou'd not avoid being of Opinion that to be abandon'd for a Woman of the *Baroness's* Character and Humour, was an Indignity such as ought to make the Man that offer'd it, odious to her Memory: But all that Pride or Reason cou'd suggest, was too too weak to bring her to either Scorn or Hate: Nor, tho' the causeless Change of his Behaviour, the Suddenness of it, and the cold neglectful and indeed affrontive Stile of his last Letter, made it seem likely enough that nothing but a new Passion cou'd occasion it, yet Jealousy was so great a Stranger to her Nature, that she cou'd not but

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with great Difficulty entertain it: However the little Touches she now began to feel of that eternal Enemy to Tranquility, gave her Perturbations far beyond all she ever knew before.

It was not in this manner the *Baroness* past her Time. Believing her self secure of the Heart she so ardently had wish'd to gain, revell'd in full Delight, and wanton'd in the Assurance of her Happiness, Proud, Vain and Self-sufficient, she now defy'd all Fears of ever losing what she had acquir'd, despis'd her Rival's Charms, and not only spoke of her, but also really consider'd her as a Creature incapable of giving her any Pain on *Beauclair's* account; nay, tho' he shou'd discover by what Arts he had been betray'd to treat her in the manner he had lately done. She hated her, however, for the Engagements she had with him, and being naturally of a most malicious Disposition to all amiable Persons of her own Sex, took an inexpressible Pleasure in having it in her Power to mortify 'em. This base Woman thought it not Misery enough to have alienated the Affections of her Lover, but must study to inflict yet more: She cou'd not think herself truly blest in the Possession of *Beauclair*, without triumphing in the Conquest she had made; it was not sufficient for her Pride, that *Montamour* was abandon'd; there wanted, to compleat her Happiness, the making that afflicted Lady sensible for whom she had been abandon'd. She was now grown above the Care of her Reputation, and thought it beneath her to regard any thing but the pleasing herself; and, entirely ignorant that *Mademoiselle Bellfleur* had in part perform'd the Work she aim'd at, communicated her Desires to

2. *The Injur'd Husband; or,*

to *De Lamoignon*. He who was always ready to solve her on all occasions, was far from being backward in complying with her in this, and he approv'd of it the more, because he imagin'd, that when *Montamour* shou'd know her Rival, it wou'd increase her Resentment to *Beauclair*, and render it impossible for them ever to be reconcil'd, and consequently prevent any Discovery of those villainous Impositions which had been made use of to seduce them. *Mademoiselle Sansfoy* came immediately into his Head, as the most proper Engine upon Earth to manage this Affair, who wou'd infallibly do all, yet be ignorant herself of the Cause of what she did. And as soon as he had consulted with the *Baroness* after what manner he shou'd for this eternal Clack a-going, went to visit her with a Packet of Tidings, which he knew wou'd render him a welcome Guest to a Lady of her inquisitive Temper. He gave her a full Account of all the several Meetings of *Beauclair* and the *Baroness*, the manner of their Conversation, and, because it happen'd to suit best with his Purpose, spoke Truth, in every thing, but when he said the *Passion* was wholly on his side, the Desire of coming acquainted his, and that all the Affiduity he had paid cou'd engage no other Return than Gratitude, from the cold, inexorable *Torville*. But the main Business of his Errand was to tell her, that the *Baron* being out of Town, the *Baroness* had consented to pass the Evening with himself and *Beauclair*, and that they were to meet in the *Tuilleries* at ten a-clock. He told her this, to the end that if *Montamour* shou'd question the Truth of what she shou'd hear from *Sansfoy*, her Curiosity might, perhaps, lead her to satisfy herself by watching at that Place;

Place; where he and the *Baroness* had contriv'd to make things appear in such a View as should distract her very Soul. As he had no other Design in visiting her, than to make her the Instrument of committing *Montamour*, so soon as he had said all that he thought would be conducive to his Purpose, he took his Leave: nor did she press him to stay, being as impatient to reveal what she had promis'd to keep Secret, as he was for her to do so; tho' he had artfully engag'd her to the contrary; well knowing that nothing is a greater Incitement to stir up a basic Temper, than to adjure it to be passive. The *Montamour* liv'd but a Street or two off, she thought the Distance was too great; and, as she went the few Steps there was between'em, had a thousand Dreads that the Person she was going to, might be abroad, or engag'd with Company, or some Accident shou'd happen which would retard the Recital she had to make. But she labour'd not long under these Apprehensions, she found her at Home, and alone; and being receiv'd with the usual Familiarity which that Lady always treated her Intimates with, soon disburthen'd herself of that Load of Secrets she had been so big with; she forgot not the minutest Circumstance she had been told by *Du Laebe*, to which her natural Propensity to Scandal made her add a thousand more. *Montamour*, with an aching Heart, listned attentively to all she said, and long'd to hear something improbable enough to make her hope that all the rest was false; but most of the Particulars that *Sansfoy* mention'd, and especially the Place of their Assignment, agreed so exactly with what she had been inform'd by *Mademoiselle Belisieur*, that she no longer had the Power
of

64 *The Injur'd Husband; or,*

of doubting. She bore it, however, with a Presence of Mind, which very few, if any Woman, beside herself, could boast of on the like Occasion. She vented no Extravagancies, — she curs'd not, — she revil'd not, — and when *Sansfoy*, surpriz'd, and vex'd to find her of a Humour so different from her Sex, began to testify her Friendship by some Expressions which sounded like Condolement: Pity not me (interrupted she, turning her Mouth to a half disdainful Smile, while her Eyes trembled to restrain their Tears) Pity not me! rather commiserate the unhappy *Beauclain*, whose easie Nature and whose frank Belief makes him the Property of such Wretches as *Du Lache* and his Companions. The Reputation of having an Intrigue with a Woman of the *Baroness's* Quality, will never balance the disgraceful means by which he has attain'd it. Nor, perhaps (continu'd she with a deep Sigh) will he be always of Opinion that to have possess'd her is a sufficient Recompence for the eternal Loss of *Montamour*. It was impossible for *Sansfoy*, who in such a Circumstance wou'd have behav'd in a manner vastly different, to forbear expressing her Sentiments in such Terms as Women commonly make use of — Good God! said she, is this all? — can you sit down so tamely with your Wrongs — I know you love the Villain — and can you bear to lose him — shall a Woman so infamous as *Tortillée* deprive you of him? — will you not be reveng'd? — will you not expose them both — the one to the Ridicule of the whole World, the other to her Husband's just Resentment. — I am not so ignorant of her Character as to imagine (whatever her Pander *Du Lache*

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The Mistaken Resentment. 65

Lache wou'd perswade me) that her Conversation with *Beauclair* is no more than a *Platonick* one—and if you please (continu'd she after a Pause, and finding the other was silent) I will join with you to ruin her: I am acquainted with the whole History of her several Amours, — can prove that *D'Esperanze*, tho' he maintain'd her, was not the only-favour'd Lover; — and that since her Marriage with this foolish *Baron*, she has been had by half the Town, — nay, at this very time, *St. Aumar* and the young amorous *Marquis De Sonville* enjoy an equal Share with the perfidious *Beauclair*. — I know where, and when both of 'em have had Assignations with her. — Count *De la Torre* has also experienc'd how liberal she is of her Favours: when he went out of Town, the other day, his Sister found, among some Papers he had left behind him, Letters which by the Hand we knew to be *Tortillée's*, and the Contents were such, as are scarce fit for modest Ears: — I'll bring you acquainted with her, she'll furnish you with Stories such as will enable you to revenge yourself on this unworthy Rival. She wou'd doubtless have run on a great deal more, if *Montamour* (whose Soul was incapable of harbouring any mean Notions, and glow'd in her Bosom with a generous Disdain at this Proposition) had not put a stop to the Career of her Revilings. She blush'd to think how justly her Sex was reflected on by the other; and looking on *Sansfoy* with an Air of Scorn, which she was very rarely seen to wear, No Madam! no, said she, I never will enter into any such Measures, nor can be pleas'd that others shou'd so far interest themselves in my Quarrel, as to make 'em for-

66 *The Injur'd Husbana; or,*

get that Decorum, and Mildness of Behaviour, which ought to be the distinguishing Character of Womanhood; — the greatest Proof you can give me of your Friendship, is to let this Story die: — I need not fear my Injuries will go for ever unreveng'd: the Crime it self will bring on Stings far worse than I cou'd wish, much more have Power to inflict. If *Beauclair* after so many Vows of an unalterable Affection can be so basely perfidious to quit me for the *Baroness*, he will also quit her for another — her Empire will be of short Continuance: and to be forsaken, to a Woman of her vain Humour, will be a Punishment, the most adequate of any to her Guilt: or if she be really so vicious as the World believes, her Artifice will not always serve her to conceal it from the discerning *Beauclair*, Remorse will then be sufficiently my Avenger. But if neither of these shou'd happen, shou'd *he* be ever *Blind*, *she* ever *Cunning*, I am resolv'd, in Justice to my self, to continue entirely passive; for sure a Woman such as she, is as much below my *Hate*, as he by loving her, has rendred himself of my *Esteem*: both equally unworthy of my Thoughts, and only fit for one another. And is it possible (interrupted *Sansfoy*, more and more confounded) that you really are Mistress of so much Philosophy as you pretend? — will Love, and Pride, and Grief, in such a stabbing Circumstance, be always over-power'd by Prudence? cou'd you endure to *behold* what yet you have but *heard* of? — Cou'd you bear to *see* the Man who has ador'd you — the Man on whom (in spite of your boasted Moderation) I know your Soul still doats, kneel to another, and pay those soft Submissions due only to you! — cou'd you,

The Mistaken Resentment. 67

I say, support a fight like this, and yet contain your Temper? — No, 'tis impossible! — 'tis against Nature — and, if I cou'd perswade you to go with me in some Disguise, and be a Witnesses of their meeting, I believe I shou'd find your Behaviour at such a View far different from what the hearing it occasions. I do not think you wou'd, reply'd *Montamour* coldly: I have already so many Proofs of his Perfidy and Ingratitude, that to see 'em in the most strict Embrace cou'd not give me more. Yet, resum'd *Sansfoy* eager to engage her to an Enterprize in which she promis'd herself so much Diversion, there is something that more nearly touches the Passions in an *Ocular* Demonstration. — It may be so, interrupted *Montamour*, (who knew the other's Humour too well, not to guess at the Cause which made her so pressing) and for that Reason I will not endeavour to convince you, by putting my Temper to any hazardous Tryals, for the vain Glory of surmounting a Difficulty which few of my Sex wou'd have Resolution enough to do. But (cry'd *Sansfoy* vex'd to the Heart to find her still so calm) I advise you to it by all means; it wou'd rather be an Argument of *Stupidity* than *Prudence* to lose such an Opportunity of upbraiding *Him* and detecting your *Rival*: shou'd you but mention the Story now, it might be disbeliev'd, — both might deny it, — and you only be call'd perverse and jealous; — but if you meet them at this shameful Assignment, and face to face confront 'em, you boldly may proclaim him for a Villain, and enjoy that inexpressible Satisfaction of having your Rival in your Power. She said a great deal more to the same purpose; but all her Reasons had no Effect on

68 *The Injur'd Husband; or,*

Montamour : that discreet Lady reflected within herself on the Weakness of Humanity, and how little sufficient *Reason* at some Times, and in some Cases, is to vanquish *Passion* : she knew not how far she might be transported at such a killing Interview ; and easily perceiving it was more the Pleasure of having something to talk of, than any Interest she took in her Affairs, which made her Adviser so importunate, resolv'd she shou'd rather want a Theme for the Entertainment of her next Visiting-day, than furnish her with one, which she was not certain might not be to the Disadvantage of the Reputation of that Moderation, she had hitherto taken so much Care to preserve. It was something wonderful indeed, that a Woman who lov'd to that prodigious degree of Tenderness as she did, and had such Appearances how much that Tenderness was abus'd, cou'd so well dissemble the Disorders of her Soul. The whole time that *Sansfoy* staid with her, she continu'd Mistress of the same steady Resolution she had always profess'd, and that busie Woman had the Mortification, after all the Pains she had taken, to find herself disappointed, and that all she had done was able to draw nothing from her which might be a Subject of Ridicule. But what the unhappy *Montamour* suffer'd while under so cruel a Constraint can hardly be imagin'd. As soon as she was alone, she shut herself into her Chamber, and gave a loose to the long labouring pent-up Passions of her Soul, — her Couch, — her Bed, were now no longer able to sustain the force of her wild Grief, — she grovell'd on the Floor, — she beat her Breast, — she wrung her lovely Hands, — the celebrated Lustre of her shining

shining Eyes was now extinct in Tears; and whoever had seen her in this Condition wou'd have believ'd it impossible she cou'd, but some Moments before, have worn such an Appearance of Serenity. As it grew nearer to the Hour in which her Rival was to enjoy the Presence of her ador'd *Beauclair*, her Agonies encreas'd. Oh God! cry'd she, now is the happy *Tortillée* preparing to receive a Heaven I have for ever lost, — now, now, she summons all her Charms, adorns her Face with Smiles, and practises a thousand Arts, a thousand Graces, to secure her Conquest — and what, (O torturing Thought) what gives Addition to her Beauty, and makes her Eyes sparkle with an unusual Splendor, is the Knowledge that she triumphs over the forsaken *Montamour*. Whenever this Reflexion came across her thoughts, all that she had of Woman in her Soul exerted itself. No, wou'd she say, starting up and wiping away her Tears, with an Air of Derision, — I am not, will not be unhappy — I scorn the Wretch who yields his Heart, where neither Virtue, Wit, nor Beauty claim the Prize, where Novelty is alone the Charm. — He that can love *Tortillée*! the infamous the often abandon'd *Tortillée*, shall henceforth be the Object of my *Mirth*, equally unworthy of my *Love* or *Anger*. But how long she continu'd in this Mind, those who have ever felt the Force of true Affection need not be inform'd; to *them* it may seem superfluous to say, *Tenderness* soon got the better of *Resentment*; but the *Insensibles*, or those who love only because they are *belov'd*, will perhaps condemn her when they shall know those Resolutions were no sooner *made* than *broke*, and sinking from that Air of

70 *The Injur'd Husband; or,*

Haughtiness she had assum'd, into one wholly compos'd of Softness, And yet, said she, among the Race of Man, where is there one whose Charms can vie with those, this dear, this false Protestor boasts? — how harsh, and how untunable wou'd sound the Name of Love from any *other* Mouth! and with what Harmony it flows from his! — his Voice, — his Looks, — his soft enchanting Mein, adorn the tender Passion, and make Desire a Virtue. In this manner was she hurried by the various Agitations of her Mind, till the Clock striking ten put her in Mind that if she did design to be a Witness of this meeting, it was time she shou'd prepare herself. In spite of all the Temperance she had maintain'd in the Presence of *Sansfoy*, the Woman's Curiosity now gain'd the Victory; she cou'd not be assur'd that the Man who had made so many Vows to *her*, was that Moment about to offer 'em to *another*, without a Desire to know in what manner he wou'd do it: and, perhaps, was not without a secret Hope she shou'd discover a Difference in his Behaviour; and as wretched as she thought herself, found a kind of Pleasure, a sullen Satisfaction in this Thought: enabled by it she got on her Cloaths, and muffling herself up in her Hoods so as it was impossible for her to be known, stole out of the House alone, without letting even her own Woman into the Secret. — What is not *Love*, when instigated by *Jealousy*, capable of performing! She, who at another Time, or on any other Occasion, wou'd not have ventur'd where there was the least Appearance of Danger or to her Person or Reputation, now had either *forgot* or had Courage to *despise* the most eminent ones; and

and led by the Emotions of her tumultuous Passions went, when it was dark, unguarded and unattended to the Place which she was told was destin'd for the Rendezvous of those ungenerous Destroyers of her Peace. She had not been long in the *Tuilleries* before she discern'd a Man and Woman coming down a Walk opposite to that she was in; she imagin'd it might be those she sought, and immediately cross'd, making only a little Stand to let them pass, and follow'd at a convenient Distance, so near as to be able to distinguish what was said, but far enough, as she thought, not to have them believe they were observ'd. The *Baroness* (for it was she, indeed, who accompany'd by *Du Lache* had prevented the Hour appointed by *Beauclair* that she might have the Opportunity of executing that Design before concerted with her assisting Villain) presently perceiv'd her, but finding she was alone, cou'd not be assur'd whether it was her *Rival* or *Sansfoy* herself, who she knew had Curiosity enough for such an Enterprize, if she cou'd not prevail on the other: but not doubting, but whatever she shou'd discover wou'd be carried immediately to *Montamour*, began to talk to *Du Lache* in the manner they had contriv'd for the insulting her. I think (said she raising her Voice, that she that follow'd might lose nothing of what was said) I ought no longer to doubt the Sincerity of my charming Friend: he has made no Scruple of revealing to me the dearest Secrets of his Soul; he confest that he formerly had a Tenderness for *Montamour*; which, till he saw me, he took for Love: he acknowledges a Pity for the Impression which he finds his Vows of Courtship have made on her too easie yielding

F 4

Heart,

72 *The Injur'd Husband; or,*

Heart, but protests that he has of late desisted from giving her any Proofs of that Affection she once flatter'd herself with, and that since his Acquaintance with me, he never has visited her. I am certain he has not, reply'd *Du Lache*, and in my Opinion you cannot have a greater Testimony of his Passion, than his abandoning a Maid of her Quality and Fortune — one, who in the Judgment of most People is Mistress of a thousand Beauties and Accomplishments; and on to whom, in spite of her Reserve, he knows himself extremely dear. Poor Girl (resum'd the malicious *Baroness*) I pity her: her Condition is truly deplorable: for the engaging *Beauclair* has sworn he ne'er will see her more; and but this very Morn, among a Million of tender Protestations, bound the Promise he before had made me, with so solemn a Vow, that 'tis impossible he should ever dare to speak of her, to write to her, or even think of her again, with any thing beyond the common Civility of a Stranger. What pass'd in the Soul of *Montamour* at hearing this Discourse, and what she endur'd in the Struggles of her Passions with her Discretion, can never be represented by Words; the Idea which one ought to conceive of her Sufferings wou'd be lessen'd by Description; therefore, I shall only say that she supported 'em with Life, but that was all; while the *Baroness* went on with her Persecutions in this manner. Another Proof of his Affection, resum'd she, and which I think a prodigious one, is the Uneasiness he expresses at my but speaking to any other Man: he fancies the whole Creation are his Rivals, and envies even the Wind the Blessing of saluting me: — I will tell you a pleasant thing of him, (continu'd she laughing) He came to visit me the other day,

day, and found the *Marquis de Sauville* with me. I knew his Thoughts, and cou'd not forbear smiling, to see how awkwardly he counterfeited a Cheerfulness, till the *Marquis's* Page happening to bring him a Letter, he retir'd to the farther end of the Room to read it, and gave my impatient Lover an Opportunity to vent some part of his *Chagrin*. A Pen and Ink standing upon the Table, he immediately writ, blotting it out as soon as he had done, — O *Tortillée! Tortillée! Divine* as you are in all things else, in the Affairs of Love I fear you are but mortal, and liable to change: what, O what! must then become of the unfortunate *Beauclair*? Her Invention, which was seldom at a Loss, when prompted either by her Interest or Ill-nature, wou'd certainly have furnish'd her with many more Stories of this kind, if the coming of *Beauclair* had not put a stop to 'em. Tho' the Curiosity of seeing in what manner he wou'd behave, had been the only Reason which had brought *Montamour* there, she was now hinder'd from the Gratification of it. As subterranean Fires prey on their Mansion, and consume with certain, tho' unseen, Destruction; the various and violent Agitations which rag'd in the Breast of this unhappy Lady, not having Liberty to vent themselves, roll'd stormy for a while, then growing too mighty for Restraint disdain'd all Bounds, and wou'd have burst in Exclamations suited to their Cause, had not her gentle Soul, entirely unaccustom'd to such Struggles, refus'd to obey the Dictates of her Fury; when she was about to shew herself, to speak, and to upbraid, she lost the Power, her Voice forsook her, and her every Sense flew frighted at the Tempest, and left

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left her Body motionless on the Earth. She saw the dear Undoer of her Quiet approach — She saw the detested Pair, whose Discourse had plung'd her into such Agonies, walk hastily from the Place they were in, to meet him; but what their Conversation was after he join'd 'em, her Swoon depriv'd her of the means to observe.

They staid not long in the Walk: the *Baroness* little suspecting what had happen'd to *Montamour* drew 'em immediately out of the *Tuileries*, for tho' *Beauclair* address'd her with all imaginable Complaisance, and a vast deal of Gallantry, yet he was far from expressing himself with that prodigious Tenderness which she wou'd have her Rival believe.

Poor *Montamour* remain'd for a considerable Time in the Condition they had left her, and for want of Help, join'd to the Coldness of the Earth, might, perhaps, never have recover'd, if an unexpected Accident had not brought *Monsieur Galliard* to her Relief. He had been abroad that Night on an Intrigue, which having met with a Disappointment in, he came thither, thinking to indulge his *Chagrin*. Chance led him to the very Place where she was lying: She had fallen quite cross the Walk; so that dark as it was, it was impossible for him to pass, without perceiving something in his way: The Oddness of the Adventure at first a little surpriz'd him. To find a Person who tho' her Face was hid, by some Jewels which glitter'd on her Breast, he guess'd to be a Woman of fashion, at such an Hour, in such a Place, and in such a Posture, made him begin to imagine that Fortune had design'd him a Reparation for the Disappointment he had lately met with; but he soon lost that

that Hope, tho' to the Encrease of his Amazement, when kneeling down by her, and pulling back her Hoods, he discover'd who she was. The fresh Air immediately restor'd her to Life, but it was a good while before she regain'd her Senses; she knew not where she was, nor who was present, and remembring nothing but the Cause which had thrown her into this Disorder, frequently repeated the Names of *Beauclair*, *Tortillée* and *Du Lache*, but in so wild and incoherent a manner, that if *Galliard* had not been pretty well acquainted with the Reasons she had for Jealousy, he cou'd not have been able to guess 'em by her Words. The Respect he always paid her, and which, indeed, her Conduct exacted from every Body, made him behave himself to her in a manner very different to what he wou'd have us'd to any other Woman in the like Circumstance; and as he had a great deal of good Sense, whenever he pleas'd to exert it, he made Use of a great many fine Reasonings to dissuade her from giving way to the Suggestions of her Passions. She stood very little in need of his Advice, whenever she had the Liberty of Thought; and now beginning to resume it, was more angry with herself for the Indiscretion her Curiosity had made her guilty of, than with those who had occasion'd it. She knew *Galliard* to be of a Temper not much different from *Sansfoy*, and cou'd not hope that this Adventure wou'd be kept a Secret; she did not fail however to conjure him to it, and 'tis possible his extraordinary Esteem for her might have oblig'd him to put a Constraint on his Inclinations, if an unexpected Accident had not discover'd the whole Transaction without his Help.

During

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During the Time that *Montamour* was in her Swoon, and that she pass'd in Discourse with *Galliard*, which was several Hours (for tho' she stole out of the House without being taken notice of, she knew not how to get into it, in the same manner, and therefore was not over-hasty to be gone) *Beauclair* was entertain'd by the *Be-ronefs* in the most splendid manner, that her Love and the natural Profuseness of her Temper cou'd invent; and knowing that Wine is no small Provocative to Desire, she had provided a vast Variety of the most choice ones; but not all she cou'd do was able to drive the Idea of *Montamour* from his Remembrance: In the Height of all the Gaiety with which *Tortillée* endeavour'd to divert him, he cou'd not forbear reflecting with how much more solid Felicity he had pass'd his Hours with the other; the more he saw of her Behaviour, the less careful she grew of disguising it, and the more he found in it to disesteem. In spite of her well-acted Tenderness, and in spite of all her Instrument *Du Lache* had told him of her Sincerity, he cou'd not consider with what Facility she had granted him the greatest Favours, without a Suspicion that others might also have the same Freedom. To enhance his Admiration, she was perpetually telling him how many had sought her Affection; and by what he knew of her Humour, had little Reason to believe their Labour had been in vain: — In fine, all her Actions, all her Words, serv'd only to show him the prodigious Disproportion which was between those Charms she wou'd be thought to have, and those *Montamour* was really possess'd of. Tho' these kind of Reflections came frequently into his

his Mind, yet they had greater Force this Night than ever; he grew excessive melancholy on the sudden; and tho' both the *Baroness* and *Du Lache* took all imaginable Pains to exhilarate his Temper, their Endeavours were in vain: and finding it impossible for him to be any Company, begg'd Leave to retire. The Reader will easily imagine how much the Lady was alarm'd at a Behaviour so distant from her Expectations: She made use of all her Artifice, she wept, entreated, counterfeited Swoonings, but all fail'd of the Effect she aim'd at; and tho' *Du Lache* reminded him how uncourtly it was to leave a Lady who had receiv'd him in so generous a fashion, he persisted in his Resolution, and only making a slight Excuse, took leave of her, accompany'd by *Du Lache*, who wou'd not part from him till he had found out the meaning of this Alteration.

It seem'd as if the unusual Sadness which seiz'd the Soul of *Beauclair*, and oblig'd him to quit the *Baroness's* House so much sooner than he intended, was influenc'd by Fate, on purpose to bring him to a Place, where he shou'd have a View of what wou'd give him Torments pretty near equal to those his late Deportment had inflicted on the disconsolate *Montamour*. He pass'd by the *Tuilleries* the very Moment that *Galliard* was conducting her out: She had too much Distraction in her Thoughts to have remember'd to pull down her Hoods, and it being now just Day-break, her whole Face appear'd to the Eyes of her impatient Lover. In spite of all that *Du Lache*, *Toncarr*, and *Le Songe* had told him of her Perfidiousness, he never cou'd bring himself to a thorough Assurance of it:
and

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and there were some Moments in which he cou'd not help believing all he had heard was false: but what Excuses now cou'd his Passion alledge against so positive an Appearance? To see her in a loose *Dishabillée* at so irregular an Hour,— in such a Place, and so accompany'd, was sufficient to justify whatever her worst Enemies cou'd suggest to her Prejudice. *Du Lache*, tho' he was infinitely rejoic'd at an Encounter which so unexpectedly favour'd his Designs, was unwilling that *Beauclair* shou'd take notice of her, with reason, fearing if they shou'd enter into a Conversation it might produce something which might ruin all, and perswaded him to pass without speaking; but the other was too full of Rage to listen to the Arguments this artful Villain was preparing to prevent him, and stepping hastily to her, 'Tis an early Hour, Madam! said he, (with a Look and Gesture which sufficiently testify'd his Disorders) for Ladies, such as *Montamour*, to be abroad; — but I perceive you are not without a Guard, else shou'd make Offer of my Service to attend you. You have infinitely more agreeable Engagements on your Hands, answer'd she, (counterfeiting an Air of Gaiety) and I think my self extremely happy in the Knowledge of your Humour, because it gives me the Liberty of indulging my own. She spoke no more, nor indeed had she the Power: the Pain she suffer'd in restraining the struggling Passions of her Soul, was very near throwing her again into that Condition from which *Galliard* had so lately recover'd her. These few Words, however, had the Effect she aim'd at, to sting *Beauclair* to the Quick; and wholly unable to contain himself, If there be any thing like

like a Change in my Humour, (resum'd he impatiently) *Montamour* ought, indeed, to approve it, since I but follow'd an Example she gave me. If she had heard this, it might perhaps have made her reply in a manner, which wou'd have given him some Light into the Arts by which they both had been impos'd on; but her Agitations were too violent to permit her to stay; she was remov'd several Paces from him, and he thought it wou'd look like Mean-spiritedness to follow her, after what he had *seen*, which seem'd to be so great a Confirmation of all he had been *told*: in short, both believing themselves injur'd, each disdain'd to do any thing which might appear like a Desire of Reconciliation: and this little Pride, fatal alike to the Repose of both, gave the common Deceivers all the Opportunity they cou'd wish to compass their pernicious Ends, of separating two Hearts which by all the Ties of Gratitude and Tenderness were thought to be cemented.

When *Montamour* was come home, and the first Emotions of her Passions a little abated, she began to consider with more Sedateness on this Adventure; and being unable to find any reasonable Excuse for *Beauclair's* Behaviour, resolv'd to tear him from her Heart: She foresaw it wou'd cost her most terrible Pangs, but yet it must be done, and therefore the sooner she endeavour'd it, the better. But tho' she found no great Difficulty in the forming this Resolution, she did in fixing on what means she shou'd make choice of for the Execution of it. To think to displace him by entertaining the Idea of any other Man, was vain: there was none who in the Perfections of either Mind or Body cou'd *vie* with the charming

charming *Beauchair*, much less exceed him: neither could she hope that Variety of Company, or Diversions, would so far amuse her, as to make her forget him, but on the contrary more remind her, how little, in Competition with the soft Hours of mutual Love, are those past in that Hurry which the Mistaken World calls Pleasure. Such an Alteration in her Behaviour, she consider'd, might endanger her *Reputation*, but ne'er restore her *Quiet*. Therefore, after many disturb'd Reflections, a *Cloister* seem'd the only *Asylum* where she cou'd hope for Peace: the Duties of Religion so strictly practis'd in those Places, the pious Examples and heavenly Conversation of the holy *Sisterhood*, she doubted not wou'd set her Mind at Ease, and raise her Wishes beyond worldly Views. When she consider'd with what a Sublimity of Tenderness she had regarded *Beauchair*, she look'd upon it as a *Sin*, for which she was justly punish'd in his *Inconstancy*: she accus'd herself of Sacrilege, in paying to a *Mortal* that Adoration *Heaven* alone had Claim to; and vow'd to devote the remaining Part of her Life to Penitence for that Transgression. She was extremely strengthen'd in this Design by her *Confessor*. She had a large Fortune in her own Possession, which, on her embracing a Monastick Life, wou'd be wholly employ'd in the Service of Mother *Church*, of which he was too true a *Son* to let slip so fair an Opportunity of Advantage. He magnify'd the Comforts of Retirement, and the innate Contentment which flows from an entire abandoning the World, in so florid and perswasive a *Stile*, that in spite of all that her Brethren and other Relations and Acquaintance cou'd do, to dissuade her,

The Mistaken Resentment. 81

her she went into a Nunnery about four Leagues distant from *Paris*, fully determin'd to take Orders as soon as her Year of Probation shou'd be expir'd.

While *Montamour* was thus employ'd in endeavouring to vanquish an Inclination she thought so ill plac'd, *Beauclair* was using his utmost Efforts for a Conquest of the same Nature. Her Behaviour, when he met her with *Galliard*, made her appear more vile than even *Du Lache* and his Adherents had represented her: He cou'd not think he had ever lov'd her, without being asham'd of his Affection. — *Tortillée* seem'd now less faulty in his Opinion, — he believ'd her guilty of no other Failings than what were incident to her Sex, for if *Montamour* was false, he imagin'd all Women must be so. An honourable Passion was what, for the future, he resolv'd to avoid, and being enter'd in an Amour with the *Baroness*, fancied he might pass his Hours in her Company with as much Felicity as in any others. To make the Faveurs he receiv'd from her as great a Blessing as possible, he took abundance of Pains to establish a Tenderness in his Soul on her Account, like what he formerly had felt for *Montamour*, but how much did he deceive himself in such an Attempt! the lovely Maid, all Guilty as she seem'd, maintain'd her Empire still! the more he struggl'd with his Chains, the more he found the Impossibility of breaking them: and what he endur'd in the Conflict between *Passion* and *Resentment* was almost insupportable. But, despising himself for what he thought so great a Weakness, he resolv'd to do nothing that shou'd give the World occasion to suspect what pass'd within his Soul; and

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to that end, paid his Devoirs to the *Baroness* in a more assiduous manner than he wou'd have done, perhaps, had Inclination only prompted him.

This mischievous Woman now exulted with a malicious Joy at the Knowledge of her *Rival's* Grief, for in spite of all that Lady's Caution it was soon blaz'd abroad, that she was miserable in the Loss of *Beauclair*. The Condition in which *Galliard* had found her in the *Tuilleries* was no Secret; for tho' the Esteem he had for her oblig'd him to conceal her Name, it cou'd not restrain him from diverting himself and Companions with the Relation of such an Adventure; and *Du Lasbe* being with *Beauclair* when he was conducting her out, made him know it was she her self, and not *Sansfoy*, who had come thither to observe the *Baroness*; so that between them the whole Affair soon grew the common Chat of every Tea Table: and it was the Knowledge of being thus expos'd, which doubtless, more than any thing, made *Montamour* deaf to all the Perswasions of her Friends from a Monastick Life. *Beauclair* was soon inform'd of her Resolution, but whatever he felt within himself seem'd little to regard it, and was in reality not sorry she had taken Measures which wou'd render it impossible for him ever to let her know the Power she had over him; and being allowed, and indeed courted to take all imaginable Freedom with the *Baroness*, whoever had seen him with her wou'd have believ'd his Soul was wholly hers; but, in spite of all the Pleasure this wicked Woman conceiv'd in the Opinion she was Mistress of a Heart, the united Beauties of the whole Sex without an equal Proportion of Wit and
Virtue

Virtue was insufficient to deserve, in spite of the unequalld, unexpressible Graces he was possess of, she cou'd not resolve to be his alone: *Sonville*, *St. Aumar*, *Le Sourbe* and others had the same Liberties with her as before; but, as I have already taken Notice, she had her particular Places of Assignment with them all, and *Beauclair* had not the least Suspicion of any Rivals in his Happiness, and was pretty near an Infatuation equal to that her Artifices had wrought on the unhappy *Baron*.

Thus all things for a while went smoothly on, till one unhappy Day had like to have made a total Discovery of her Falshood to him whom it was most her Interest to deceive. *Beauclair* as well as others of her Admirers frequently visited her at Home: and happening to come one Afternoon, and finding her in her Bedchamber, no Company with her, the *Baron* abroad, and she in a loose Undress (in which indeed she look'd most amiable) he cou'd not resist a sudden Inclination to make use of so favourable an Opportunity, and taking her in his Arms and throwing her on the Bed, was about to repeat at Home what many times she had condescended to Abroad: The Violence of his present Desire, and the Ecstasy she was in to find him so much more than ordinarily transported, depriv'd them both of that Caution they were accusom'd to make use of. The Chamber Door was only carelessly put to, and the *Baron* chancing to return, and come into that very Room, was struck with a sight, which no other Witnesses but his own Eyes cou'd have convinc'd him had been true. He wou'd have drawn his Sword, and wash'd the Stain they cast upon his Honour with the Blood

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of both, but Astonishment took from him the Power: She was in a Posture such as cou'd have left no other Woman a Possibility of Excuse; but so ready was she at Invention, and so cunning in deceiving, that even in this, the greatest Tryal she cou'd meet, she brought herself off with a Dexterity which prov'd how much she was Mistress of the Art of Jilting. Her Face lying toward that side of the Room where her Husband enter'd, she had an Opportunity of seeing him immediately, and before *Beauclair* cou'd have any Imagination of the Truth, the Person who in his Arms that Moment was uttering Raptures, amaz'd him, on a sudden, with struggling to get loose, and crying out, *Help! Oh Help! — a Rape!* — where are my Servants — will none come to my Assistance — for Heaven's sake *Monsieur* desist — I'll rather die than live to wrong the best of Men and Husbands. Then disengaging herself from his Embrace, and running to the *Baron* (pretending not to have seen him before) Oh my dear Lord! said she, how opportunely are you come to save me from Dishonour, from Ruin, from *Death*, for sure I wou'd have flown for Refuge to the *latter* rather than have endur'd the *former*. That barbarous Man (added she, bursting into well-dissembled Tears) wou'd have depriv'd me of all I value Life for — he wou'd have violated my Innocence — corrupted my Duty — made me utterly unworthy of my dear Lord's Affection — and finding his impious Persuasions were in vain, he wou'd have forc'd me to the horrid Deed — a Deed my Soul abhors — a Deed which must have made me hateful both to Heaven and Earth. — Oh had I not been inspir'd for some Moments with

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an unusual Strength, and had not my Heart's Treasure, my dear dear *Baron*, come to my Assistance just when that Strength began to fail, how wretched had I been! — Oh be ever prais'd ye Saints and Angels! ye ministering Spirits! the Guardians of my Honour, for your Protection in this dreadful Hour! — Oh still continue watchful o'er your Charge! and save me ever from Infamy and Guilt. She fell on her Knees, and pronounc'd these last Words in so exotic a manner, and with a Countenance so exactly suited to every thing she said, that *Beauclair* was much more startled at her Impiety and Dissimulation than he had been when rising from the Bed he perceiv'd what it was that occasion'd it. The Scene must certainly have been pleasant enough to observe, if any disinterested Person had been Witness of it: to behold a couple of Men stand gazing on each other without Power of Speech or Motion, while a Woman was acting over a thousand various Passions in Gestures and Grimaces suited to them all — sometimes rejoicing at the *Delirante* she pretended to have had — sometimes feigning to look back with Horror on her past *Danger* — now *weeping*, as it were thro' Tenderness, — then *enclaining* against the Baseness of Mankind — with one Breath *Cursing* her own Charms for being the occasion of inspiring loose Desires, — and with the next, *Blessing* Heaven for giving her the Means of resisting them. The Surprize which both the Husband and Lover were in, gave her sufficient Opportunity to exercise her Talent; but as *Beauclair* was Master of a much greater Presence of Mind than the *Baron*, so he recollected himself much sooner, and perceiving the Lady was

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capable of making her Party good with her believing Husband, thought, in such a Circumstance, the most prudent Action he cou'd do was to retire. The first thing he had done after he started from the Bed was to snatch up his Sword, not doubting but he should have occasion to make use of it: but finding he was not immediately call'd to the Account he expected, took the Advantage of the *Baron's* Confusion, and left him to adjust matters with his Spouse, as they shou'd agree it between 'em: only telling him, as he went out of the Room, that if he imagin'd himself injur'd, he knew where to demand Satisfaction; he staid not for an Answer, nor had the other recover'd himself enough, as yet, to make one; he continued, for some Moments after *Beauclair* was gone, fix'd in the same stupid Posture he had been in ever since he came into the Room; till, at last, the hurried Spirits beginning by little and little to resume their proper Stations, he fetch'd a deep Sigh, and breaking from his Wife, who had all this while been holding him in her Arms, walk'd hastily to and fro, by that Action only discovering the inward Disorders that oppress'd him: But what is it that is not in the Power of a Person belov'd to accomplish? What a commanding Force there dwells in Tears, when flowing from the Eyes we worship! they give the lye to Reason, and make our very Senses but unavailing Witnesses, when oppos'd to any thing they wou'd insinuate. The tender-hearted *Baron* at first testify'd the secret Yieldings of his Soul but by a Look; but she, who perfectly understood the Language of the Eyes, immediately knew her Work was more than half compleated, and assuming an Air all full of Languishment and

Softness,

Softness, I have liv'd too long, said she, (in a dying, trembling Accent) I have liv'd too long, since my dear Lord, the only Man, Heav'n knows, I ever wish'd to please, regards me with Indifference — is this dumb Coldness, or this distant Posture a Proof of that Passion you have sworn shou'd be unchangeable, or a fit Welcome for a Wife, rescued by Providence from threatned Ruin? O my only Dear, my Love, my Life, my Husband, continu'd she (seizing his Hand and clapping it to her Mouth with a well counterfeited Transport) Take, Take me to your Breast, or kill me. There needed no more to make the poor *Baron* quite besides himself; his Soul, before overcome by soft Emotions, now quite dissolv'd and melted in a Sea of Tenderness: He clasp'd the Syren in his faithful Arms! kiss'd her dissembling Lips! and while he spoke the fondest, most endearing Words that Tongue e'er utter'd, or Heart e'er conceiv'd, a Flood of honest Tears stream'd from his Eyes, and bath'd her treacherous Bosom! Oh thou art all Divine, cry'd he, in a Rapture, all Angel! thy *Mind* like thy bright *Body*, charming! Pure and untainted with any of the Frailties of thy Sex! Dear to *Reason*, and ravishing to *Sense*! and then again, let me no longer live than I adore thee (pursued the affectionate Deluded) Thou Excellence — Thou lovely Abstract of all that's good in Woman! 'Tis not to be doubted but that she answered these tender Expressions, and return'd the Caresses he gave her, in a manner which seem'd to him, to proceed from, at least, an equal Ardency: and this Accident was so far from lessening her in his Esteem, that it made her, if possible, dearer than before; he was too little ac-

quainted with Artifice himself, to imagine there was a Possibility for the Woman he ador'd to be Mistress of so much; the entire Confidence he always had of her Love and Virtue was now in as full force as ever, and all those Notions which had crowded into his Soul at his first coming into the Chamber, and beholding so unexpected, and indeed, so distracting a Sight, now vanished and were no more remembred! *Love*, now, triumphant Love! unmix'd with Fears, with Jealousies or Doubts, blaz'd with Almighty Lustre, and struck all other Remonstrances dead. He thought he look'd into her very Soul and found it all Perfection, nothing that he cou'd wish were alter'd, excepting a little too much Freedom and Condescension in her Behaviour, which tho' he believ'd altogether innocent and undesign'd, he thought might have encourag'd *Beauclair* to hope greater Favours. He did not fail to acquaint her what his Sentiments were on that score, and conjur'd her for the sake of his eternal Quiet, and her own Honour and Reputation, to endeavour to wear a more distant and reserv'd Air in her Conversation with those Men whose Principles she was not perfectly assured of. This Advice, tho' accompany'd with ten thousand soft Professions, and given with the greatest Complaisance, relish'd but ill with her 'twas apply'd to; but she had Policy enough to conceal her Chagrin, pretended to think as he did, and assur'd him in all the seeming good Humour imaginable that for the future she wou'd be more wary: but from that Moment she conceiv'd an inexpressible Hatred for him; if he had Eyes to see a Failing in her Conduct, she knew not but in Time he might gather Courage to condemn, or to controll it; and

the Mistaken Resentment. 39

and the bare Thoughts that there was a possibility she might one Day be debarr'd from taking the Liberties she now enjoy'd, made her almost distracted: if this meddling Husband was to be no longer *blinded* he must be *remov'd*; Murder was now the Employment of her Thoughts, and seem'd so absolutely necessary for the Security of her Pleasures, that she found no Shock, or such as she could easily pass over, in resolving to undertake it: and she wou'd most certainly have found some means to perpetrate her horrid Intentions, if her Agent in all mischievous Enterprises, *Du Lache*, had not advis'd her to another, tho' almost as *execrable*, yet a less *dangerous* Method of getting rid of him. He procur'd a Potion compos'd of such pernicious Drugs, that tho' it wou'd not absolutely destroy Life, and drive the Soul from her tormented Habitation; yet it had that unhappy Effect on all the sensitive Faculties as to reduce the Person who shou'd swallow it, to a Condition little preferable to that of an Idiot.

This cursed Mixture did that Monster of a Woman give to her unsuspecting Husband, and while his tender, truly generous Soul was wholly taken up with the Study how to please her, himself was sinking into the most miserable State that Hell-bred Mischief could invent: At first he was seiz'd with a Lethargy of Thought, a kind of lazy Stupefaction hung on his Spirits, which every day encreasing, at last over-whelm'd the Throne of Reason! Reflection was unhing'd! the noble Seat of Memory fill'd with Chimeras and disjointed Notions! wild and confus'd Ideas whirl'd in his distracted Brain! and all the Man, except the Form, was chang'd.

The

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The *Baroness's* shameful Conduct was too visible to the World, for any Body to wonder at her Husband's Frenzy; and tho' every one pitied the Condition they saw him in, yet there was none that had the least Suspicion she had made use of any other means to bring him into it, than what was public. She suffer'd him to continue a few Days in Town after his *Delirium*; but then, under the Pretence that change of Air might be of Service, sent him down to a little Village about forty Miles from *Paris* where she had him boarded at a cheap rate, out of his large Estate scarce affording him the common Necessaries of Life.

Now all the gay, loose, Part of her Acquaintance of both Sexes, which to pleasure him for a little time she had pretended to discard, return'd with usual Freedom to her House; her Drawing-Room was every Day fill'd with Visitors, her Antichamber with Musicians, and her Hall with Attendants: the whole Dwelling became a Seat of Luxury——Dancing, Singing, Playing, Drinking, Feasting, all that cou'd charm the Sense might here be found in full Profuseness of Satiety; but tho' these Entertainments were ravishing to most of the Company they were prepar'd for, *Beauclair* had no Relish for 'em, his Morals were too excellent, and his Soul too much refin'd and delicate to be pleas'd with those gross Debaucheries he daily saw acted there. The *Baroness*, whom a long time he had but little esteem'd, especially since that monstrous Dissimulation with which he was Witness she treated her Husband, now appear'd odious in his Eyes: his good Manners wou'd not permit him to desist wholly from visiting her, but he never
staid

staid long, and went not so often as he had been accusom'd. He made no Scruple of letting *De Lache* know his Sentiments, when he was ask'd by him, the reason of estranging himself; but the other took not now the Pains he had done to conceal the *Baroness's* Vices; he knew that *Beauclair* was now grown as indifferent to her as any of his Predecessors or Contemporaries, and that to preserve his good Opinion was a thing she gave herself not the least Concern about. All the Thoughts of this inconstant Woman were at present taken up with young *La Branche*, one of the most vain, conceited Coxcombs in the Town, one who had no other Merit, no other Charm, than his being a new Conquest, to engage her: tho' worthless as he was, there was a Girl, to whom he formerly had made court, that valued his Conversation at a very high rate, and endeavour'd by Letters, Messages, and all the Stratagems that her Passion cou'd invent, to retrieve the fickle Heart of this ungrateful Lover. The Knowledge that there was a Rival in the way, always made the *Baroness's* Desires more eager; to give *Disquiet* to her own Sex heightened her Satisfaction in the Enjoyment of the other: She was of that malicious, one may justly say, indeed, devilish Disposition, that her chief Pleasure consisted in the inflicting Pain: wanting the Poignancy of *Revenge*, not all the Joys that Love affords (warm as her Inclinations were) had any Relish. The Embraces of a God, unenvy'd, wou'd have been tasteless and insipid: No longer than his Engagement with another kept her in Suspence was the *Marquis de Sonville* the Object of her Affection. When the Continuance of *St. Aumar's* Addresses to her render'd him

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him despis'd by all the other Women of his Acquaintance, he became immediately so by her; and her Apprehensions of *Montamour* no sooner were remov'd, than *Beauclair* was disregarded; a kind Look from that insignificant Trifler, *La Branche*, was now of greater Value with her, than all the Caresses of these accomplish'd Gentlemen. The unfortunate young Creature that lov'd him was now the Sacrifice which her insatiate Pride requir'd, and the whole Time and Invention of *Du Lache* was now employ'd in means to compass it.

But how fond soever the *Baroness* was of a new Intrigue, Heav'n never form'd a Man whose Charms cou'd oblige her to discontinue any of her former ones, nor was she ever so much overwhelm'd in Passion as not to know how to conceal it; whenever she found occasion; whenever any one of her Admirers took notice that she regarded another with more Tenderness than he approv'd of, she had a method of silencing his Doubts as artful as it was base; she pretended that the Person suspected was only indulg'd by her in some little Freedoms to take off all Imagination of a real Amour between him and a certain Lady of her Acquaintance; and then, if press'd to it, wou'd frame a long Story of some Woman, no matter who, but any body that came into her Head at that Time was made the Property to bear her Shame: the truth is; indeed, she kept no Company whom any thing she said cou'd make appear much worse than in reality they were. By this means she prevented any Quarrels from arising between her Lovers, and preserv'd to herself a Reputation with them which she was very far from deserving. She was also extremely

extremely indebted to her good Fortune, that all this while among so many she had, hitherto, to do only with Men whose Honour wou'd not permit them to boast of a Lady's Favours : and something too, I think, she owed to their want of Penetration, as well as her own Artifice, that she cou'd so long and so easily impose on their Judgments.

If *La Branche* had been of the same Disposition and Principles with the others, she might, perhaps, have retain'd the good Opinion of them all something longer than she did ; but that Wretch was too much elevated with his good Fortune, in being belov'd by a Woman of the *Baroness's* Quality, to conceal it : He talk'd of her wherever he came, toasted her as a Mistress, read her Letters publicly, and was so careless in putting them up, as to lose two of 'em, which happening to fall into the Hands of an Intimate of the *Marquis de Sonville*, were immediately brought to him. Never was any Surprise superior to that of this Gentleman, when he found what they contain'd ; nor Rage equal to that he flew into, at reflecting on the Indignity she offer'd to his Merit ; for in the whole Course of his Amour with her, never had she made a more passionate Declaration of Love to him, than he now found she had done to *La Branche* : the more he consider'd on the Worthlessness of the Fellow, the more he grew enrag'd, and resolving to be reveng'd on her Meanness of Spirit, on her Perfidy and Ingratitude, set himself to study what measures he shou'd take to expose her, and make her appear as vile and as detestable to the whole World as she was grown to him : his Resentment soon inspir'd him with a Thought lucky enough for his Purpose : He know that the next Day was that on which she

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kept her Assembly, and had generally a greater Affluence of Company on that than any other Day: He went not till it was pretty late, that he believ'd they were all met, because he was desirous to have as many Witnesses as possible of what he did. He came into the Room with his usual Gaicty of Air, entirely dissembling his Chagrin, and stepping up to the *Baroness*, who was at a little Table busily engag'd at *Ombre* with *St. Aumar* and the young *Count de la Torre*, I thought *Madam!* (said he to her, after having look'd round the Room and seen he was not there) to have found *Monsieur La Branche* among this good Company; by Accident some Letters directed for him have fallen into my Possession, and I would willingly have restor'd 'em. For Heav'n's sake let me see them, cry'd the jealous *Baroness*, presently imagining they had been sent to him by her Rival. No, *Madam!* reply'd the *Marquis*, since your Curiosity would lead you to examine the Contents, I will save you the Trouble, and read them my self, aloud, that all here may partake of the Diversion they will afford: He had no sooner spoke than all the Gentlemen and Ladies in the Room, among whom were *Monsieur Beauclair* and old *Le Sourbe*, flock'd to the Place where he was standing, and prepar'd to give Attention, while he pull'd one of the Letters out of his Pocket, and began to read as follows.

To the dearest of Mankind, the lovely and accomplish'd La Branche.

'How can you pretend to love, and yet deny me the only Joy I have in Life! what Excuse can you make for not coming as you promis'd?

the Mistaken Resentment. 95

' mis'd ? The *Day*, indeed, that curs'd detested
' thing call'd *Business* may engross, but *Love* and
' I might surely claim the *Night* ———

He was not permitted to proceed: the *Baroness*, who from the first Word had discover'd a strange Uneasiness and Confusion in her Behaviour, now started from her Chair, and running to him and endeavouring to snatch the Paper out of his Hand, Hold, my Lord ! said she, trembling with the inward Disorders of her Soul, I conjure you by all you fear *above* or love *below*, not to expose the Contents of that Letter. Your Ladyship is unkind, (interrupted *de la Torre* who knew her well enough to guess the reason of her Concern) we all have cause to complain of your want of good Nature, in endeavouring to deprive us of an Entertainment which the Marquis promises so much Diversion in. I cannot (resum'd she recollecting herself as much as possible) suffer the Secret of my Friend to be divulg'd ——— that Letter is from a Woman I entirely love, and tho' I writ it for her to prevent any Discovery, yet 'tis possible some here by the Contents may guess the Person. ——— I doubt not, Madam, (answer'd the Marquis) but that every body will: but, (pursu'd he ironically) I have so vast a Regard for the *Baroness de Tortillée* that I cannot consent to bury in Obscurity so uncommon a Proof of her good Nature as the signing her *own Name* to a Complaint such as this. How ! cry'd all the Company with one Voice, her *own Name* ! and immediately a loud Laughter ensu'd among the *Women*, and Signs of an universal Consternation among the *Men*. The revengeful *Marquis* observ'd it with Pleasure, and was about to go on with the
the

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the Letter, but the *Baroness* quite besides herself with Passion, still struggling to get it from him, for some Moments retarded his Design, till finding her continue obstinate he thought fit to show that he was resolv'd to be so too, and holding it above her reach, and gently putting her off, 'Twere too much, Madam, (resum'd he, with a malicious Smile) to do so much for the Service of a Friend, yet be deny'd the Praises due to so elevated a Sincerity! — You must and shall receive the Glory which your Actions merit, and if you *now* prevent me, the publick News-papers *tomorrow* shall proclaim your Virtues. 'Twould be impossible to represent the Violence of her Rage, when she found that neither Entreaties nor Commands were of force to oblige him to stifle this Testimony of her Infamy; she rav'd like one distracted, call'd him ten thousand Villains, and perceiving her self on the very brink of being exposed in the most shameful manner imaginable, no hope from Artifice! no Relief from Dissimulation! she threw the Mask of Softness off! unheard-of Curses issued from her Mouth! her Eyes shot Fire! in all her Air the Fury stood confest! and quitting the *Marquis*, and looking wildly round on the rest of the Company (who waited with Impatience for the End of this Adventure) and seeing none offer to assist her in wresting this fatal Paper from the Hand that held it, she flew out of the Room, wishing Eternal Damnation on 'em all. The Indignation and Confusion she express'd was so great a Gratification of the *Marquis's* Spleen, that he had certainly follow'd her to prosecute the Raillery he had so tormentingly began, but that to fully satiate his Revenge it was necessary he

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shou'd stay where he was, since he cou'd never meet with a fitter Opportunity than what offer'd at present for the making her appear what she really was before so many Persons, some of which he knew wou'd not fail to blaze it; and every Body crowding about him, he immediately proceeded with the Letter, which continued to declare the Passion it began with, in these Words;

' Languishing for your Approach, and all dissolving in the pleasing Expectation of those Joys
' your dear-lov'd Presence brings, some Hours slid soft away; but when the Time was past, what
' Horror! what inconceivable Inquietudes ensued! my Heart, so lately the Seat of Rapture,
' was now fill'd with racking Doubts, and torturing Jealousy — What shall I do? —
' I am wild with Apprehension — the Memory of *past Delights* but heighten *present Woes*
' — O, *La Branche*! shou'd you, indeed, forsake me, not Hell contains a Wretch more
' curst than I — but sure it cannot be! —
' that lovely Form can harbour no Deceit —
' 'twas my ill Fortune, but not thy Fault, that
' all the Night my longing Arms were stretch'd,
' in vain, to grasp thee; thy Soul, I know, thy
' Wishes all were mine — make haste my Love,
' my Life! my Angel, make haste to give and
' take such Joys as but in *Idea* to the vulgar
' World are known, tho' real and *substantial* to
' the charming *La Branche* and his

Passionately fond

Tortillée,

H

Methinks

Methinks, said the *Marquis*, here is neither want of Passion or Softness in this Biller, to make the Author ashamed of its being read; but this is nothing to what this Prodigy of her Sex can do—here is (continued he) a Testimony of her Abilities, in which several of this Company have some Concern.—— In speaking these Words he took out the other Letter, and without staying to hear what Reply any Body wou'd make, added to the Surprise they were already in, by the reading these Lines.

To my Soul's Treasure, the most Adorable La Branche.

‘ If Jealousy betokens Love, how happy should
 ‘ I think my self in receiving so many Proofs of
 ‘ yours? But say, thou dear Destroyer of my
 ‘ Peace! charming Unbeliever! say, what must
 ‘ I do to convince thee that I *am* —— that I *can*
 ‘ be only Thine — O, didst thou know thy self,
 ‘ thy own Unequal'd Charms were a sufficient
 ‘ Security for my Truth —— what is there in
 ‘ Man desirable that my *La Branche* does not
 ‘ possess in so eminently distinguish'd a Degree,
 ‘ that the whole Sex beside are worthless No-
 ‘ things when compar'd with him! —— You
 ‘ seem to make it an Occasion of Complaint,
 ‘ that I admit of so much Company; but tell
 ‘ me, how can I avoid it? —— How can a
 ‘ Woman of my Quality, without becoming the
 ‘ Subject of Ridicule, refuse the Visits of Per-
 ‘ sons of her own Rank, and who call them-
 ‘ selves her Husband's Friends; that Hated Fa-
 ‘ tal Tie, alas! obliges me to many things con-
 ‘ trary to my Inclination. Besides, as he is now
 ‘ from Home, and under that unhappy Indispo-
 ‘ sition

‘sion which all, but me, lament, shou’d I deny
‘the Conversation of those he esteem’d, and
‘those whom I can find no plausible Pretence
‘for breaking with, wou’d it not be evi-
‘dent enough to the judging World ’twas for
‘the sake of some dear unknown Favourite
‘I did so? By a promiscuous Acquaintance I
‘shun the Infamy of being too fond of *one*, and
‘’tis by this Method alone that I can secure
‘my *Love* and my *Reputation*. It is for thee
‘— for thee! Lovely, Cruel Suspecter as thou
‘art, for one Dear, Undisturb’d, Untalk’d-of
‘Hour with thee I undergo the uneasy Task
‘of dissembling in Publick; and to conceal my
‘real Tenderness for *thee*, wear a pretended one
‘to *all*—Methinks you shou’d approve an Act
‘of Prudence so convenient for us both, and
‘ought to know me better than to imagine I
‘am so lost to Honour, or have a Soul so little
‘delicate, as to stoop to a *plurality* of Amours
‘— No, no, I am for nothing less than the
‘most excellent of his Sex — to vanquish a
‘Heart, till now, a Fee profess’d to Love and
‘all its tender Follies, and triumph over a Vir-
‘tue established like *mine*, it was necessary there
‘should be a *La Branche*! Those whom your
‘groundless Fears point out as *Rivals*, either
‘because their *Quality* obliges me to treat them
‘with a greater Share of Civility than I do o-
‘thers, or because you consider them as Men
‘of more *Merit* than the generality of those you
‘have seen with me, are in Reality the Objects
‘of my Averſion and Disdain; if there be any
‘thing like Perfection in any of them, ’tis hid
‘amidst a Crowd of Faults: The *Count de la Torre*
‘has indeed some Wit and Spirit, but then he

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' is insufferably Insolent, Robust and Vain——
' most People allow that the *Chevalier St. Aumar*
' has Nature and an agreeable Person, but at
' the same time make a Jest of his Understanding——
' those who are pleas'd with the *bon mein*
' and Air of the *Marquis de Sonville* despise him
' for his Pride and Ostentation—— *Beauclair's*
' refin'd manner of Conversation, good Address,
' and Sublimity of Genius can never make Amends
' for his Want of Sincerity, and Affectation of a Passion
' for all Women, which he has not Stability of Temper
' enough to make him truly feel for one; any more than old
' *le Sourbe's* Wealth can counterbalance his other
' Deficiencies—— Wretches! Wretches! all,
' unworthy of your Fears as they are of my Regard,
' and with my Husband equally odious to my Soul's fond
' Wishes—— Name them no more, unless you'd have all
' Desire in me grow sick, and at your next Embrace
' receive into your Arms a Senseless Log instead of

Your most Transported,

Melting, Longing, Dying,

Tortillée.

The *Marquis* had no sooner concluded the Reading this Epistle, than every Mouth in the Company was opening to express the various Sentiments which the Hearing it inspir'd in each of them: But *Count de la Torre*, whose Soul had burn'd with fierce Impatience from the Mention made of him, got the start of all the rest, in revenging on her Character the Reflection she had made

made on his; and as he was naturally passionate, and little regardless of the Reputation of those Women that put themselves in his Power, now thinking there was not the least Obligation for Secrecy, said enough to let every body know, that she once took as much Pains to convince him of her Sincerity, as now she did *La Branche*. The *Marquis de Sonville* was not more generous; but *Monsieur le Sourbe* and the *Chevalier* spoke not a Word: both these Gentlemen had bore a true Affection to the *Baroness*, and were too much confounded at these strange and unexpected Discoveries of her Perfidy to be able to reply to any thing that was said: *Beauclair* observ'd it, and tho' he never knew what 'twas to feel a serious Passion for her, was as much nettled as the others, but he dissembled his Chagrin, and putting on a Countenance which had more in it of Disdain than Anger, For my part, said he, I find no Cause of Wonder but the Sight of yours: My Acquaintance with this Lady has been of a much shorter date than most of yours, yet in the little Time I have convers'd with her, I have seen enough not to be surpriz'd at this Testimony of the Levity of her Temper: those two Gentlemen (continu'd he, pointing to *St. Aumar* and *le Sourbe*) have, perhaps, been ignorant of each others Happiness: each believ'd himself the only favour'd, and gloried in a Self-sufficiency of being able to please the *Constant*, the *Distinguishing Tortillée*. The *Constant*, the *Distinguishing Tortillée*, as your self once thought her, good *Monsieur*, interrupted a pert Lady (who stood near him, and who from *Sans-foy* had learn'd the whole Secret) do not imagine that your Intrigue with her has been invisible to

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all Eyes but your own; the whole Town knows she has had Arts to blind even the discerning *Beauclair*, or he wou'd not, for her sake, have abandon'd so deserving a Woman as *Montamour*. True Madam! true, said a Gentleman that was by; that unhappy Lady you mention'd had not been reduc'd to so sad a Condition as *Monsieur Galliard* found her in, in the *Tuilleries*, if the *Baroness* had never seem'd more worthy of regard, nor had she forsook the World for a Cloyster if *Monsieur Beauclair* had always profess'd the same Indifferency as now. That is an Affair of which no body is ignorant, added another. Yet, resum'd the Lady that spoke first, he has been as much deceiv'd in believing it a Secret, as he was in the Fidelity of his Mistress. There were several in the Room of both Sexes that seconded the Raillery she had begun on this score; and *Beauclair*, who from the first mention of *Montamour* had been struck with Remorse, and a kind of Self-Condernation, cou'd not presently recover his Presence of Mind so far as to be able to answer them, and it was but with an half assur'd Accent that he at last brought forth these Words—I know not well what 'tis you mean (said he): *Mademoiselle Montamour*, by all I ever saw of her Behaviour, was never ambitious of becoming a publick Chat; she is a Woman I ever *did*, and ever *shall* esteem; the Town is sensible I shou'd have married her, had she been so dispos'd; but whatever Accident has happen'd to occasion our eternal Separation, I shou'd be sorry to think any one shou'd imagine a Bar so weak as the *Baroness de Tortillée's* Artifices shou'd have Power to do it. Notwithstanding his Belief to the contrary, there were too many present

present that were acquainted with the Story to have let it rest so, if the *Marquis de Sonville*, willing in this grand Assembly of the best part of her Acquaintance, to expose the *Baroness* as much as possible, had not turn'd the Conversation on the two silent Gentlemen, *St. Amar* and *Le Sourbe*. It was a good while before one Word cou'd be got from them; but when they spoke, it was in a fashion which convinc'd the whole Company of what they before had Cause enough to suspect, that the Gratitude for Favours she had conferr'd, and the Astonishment at the Discovery of any others being Partakers in that Happiness each of them had the Vanity to believe he had engross'd, had, till now, depriv'd them of the Power of Utterance. If the *Marquis's* Desire of Revenge had been rais'd by something more injurious than the petty Misfortune of a Mistress's Falseness, he found enough to gratifie it: every body now took the Liberty of speaking what they knew; and there being scarce one Person in the Room that was not privy to one, or more, of her Intrigues, each now contributed their Part, and the whole Scene of all her monstrous Actions was laid open to them all: Never was Woman so expos'd and ridicul'd — so despis'd and hated. Some took so great a Pleasure in affronting her, and the rest so little regarded her Resentment, that the being within her House, and probably within her Hearing, did not in the least hinder them from saying all that so ample a Field of Scandal to indulge in, cou'd give room to: till *Harriot* the *Baroness's* chief Woman coming in, told them her Lady was very much indispos'd, and not being able to return to the Company desir'd they would dismiss. We'll

send *La Branche* to comfort her, said the *Marquis* tartly. Ay my Lord! pursu'd the *Count*, he has an Art of pleasing, to which, it seems, we are Strangers. However, let us not add to the Schedule of our Faults, that of Ingratitude: Be sure you tell the Lady, continu'd he, turning to *Harriot*, That *De la Torre* and the other Gentlemen, she so handsomely gave a Description of, are infinitely obligated to her for the Pains she has taken to clear them of an Affair, of which none of them wou'd be proud. No, no, cry'd *Beauclair*, let *La Branche* possess alone the unenvy'd Happiness. *Tortillée* and *La Branche* (resum'd the *Marquis*) are only capable of pleasing each other, and indeed are only fit for one another; as this Fellow (continu'd he taking hold of *Du Lache*, who that Instant came into the Room, and giving him a scornful Turn) this Pimp! this wretched Pander! is only fit for the vile Offices he is employ'd in—— O forbear, my Lord! interrupted *De la Torre* (with an Air and Voice full of Derision) this ingenious Gentleman but wears the Livery of the munificent *Baroness*, and must obey the Hand which feeds him—— if he has made use of any Stratagems to deceive you, or me, or any here, 'twas to serve a Mistress who liberally rewarded the Procurer of her Pleasures: for my part, I confess, tho' he has favour'd me sometimes with a Summons, not much unlike what just now your Lordship read, I never had Gratitude enough to make him any other Retribution than barren Thanks: nor, perhaps, have any of you, *Messieurs*! been more bountiful. I think the least we can do, to recompence the Obligations he has confer'd on us, is to recommend him to the Service of some *Italian Courtesan*, in
whose

whose Amours he would stand in admirable stead, and 'tis probable pick up for himself a more lasting Subsistence, than he can hope for from the precarious Dependance of his present Benefactress, whose *Charms* begin now to grow out of Date, and almost of as little Reputation as her *Virtue*. As crafty as this Villain was in making almost any Appearances subservient to his Ends, when he had Time for Deliberation, these sudden and unexpected Salutations entirely bereft him of all Artifice; he was now as harmless, as undesigning as a Fool; he was, indeed, two or three times about to speak, tho' he knew not what to say; he found that the Secret of the *Baroness's* Temper, and the Hand he had in her Conduct, were discover'd; but had neither Time to guess by what means, nor to contrive any Expedient which might evade the Obloquy such a Discovery must bring on; 'tis possible he might, at last, have muster'd Courage enough to ask what 'twas they meant, but the *Chevalier St. Aumar*, who by the Reasons already mentioned had all this while been prevented from making any outward show of his inward Disorders, having now got the better of his Surprize and Confusion of Thought, Rage took the whole Possession of his Soul, the Sight of *Du Lache* and the Reflection how much he had suffer'd himself to be deceiv'd by the Artifices of that Villain, put him beyond all Patience. He drew his Sword, and running furiously at him as he was about to speak, had certainly silenc'd him for ever, if *Beauclair* who happen'd to be next him had not been quick enough to lay hold of his Arm. Hinder not, *Monsieur*, said he! the Hand of Justice; that Wretch is unworthy of Life, and since our Laws are but too defi-

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deficient in punishing Crimes such as his, those who like me he has wrong'd, have a Title to revenge themselves. It was with all the Difficulty in the World that *Beauclair*, the *Marquis*, and all the Company persuaded him to sheath his Sword; and perhaps all they cou'd say, to represent how much so despicable a Creature, both by his Birth and Principles, was below the Resentment of a Man of Honour, had been ineffectual, if *Count de la Torre* had not catch'd hold of the cowardly Wretch, who all this time stood hanging down his Head and trembling, and bringing him to the *inrag'd Chevalier* whose Arm he found *Beauclair* had still possession of, See here, *Monsieur*, said he, when once *Reflection* gets the Mastery of *Passion*, how wou'd you blush to think you must be question'd in the *King's* Name why you depriv'd him of so worthless a *Subject*! 'Tis thus, and thus, pursu'd he, giving him two or three Kicks, we shou'd chastize the Insolence of such Wretches. In speaking these last Words he turn'd him, who was glad of an Opportunity to make use of his Heels, out of the Room. No body staid long after; all had been said and done that cou'd convince the *Baroness* her Reign was at an End, and now the Company separated, every one to think or talk of this Adventure as their several Sentiments of it prompted them: to the Ladies it was matter enough of Diversion; nothing can be more pleasing to those Women who set up for being admir'd, of which sort were most of this Assembly, than to see the downfall of a reigning *Toast*: The prodigious Power the *Baroness* had, till now, maintain'd over so many Hearts, had long been the Envy of each pretending Fair; and to behold it sunk in a Moment

ment— her Charms depriv'd of all their wonted Force— her Arts, her Blandishments no more Effectual— Contempt in the place of Esteem, and Detestation in the room of Love, gave a Joy too exquisite to be describ'd by any thing but itself: their Looks! the chearful Accent of their Voices! whenever any Occasion offer'd to speak of this Affair, cou'd only demonstrate the secret Satisfaction glowing in their enliven'd Souls.

Of all the Men interest'd in this Discovery, only *Le Sourbe* was inconsolable; the Weakness of his Intellects together with the Meanness of his Spirit, made him the most unfortunate Creature on Earth: he had fancied himself superlatively blest! distinguish'd from all the rest of Mankind! belov'd! admir'd! ador'd! caress'd by the most Lovely, most Ingenious, most Faithful of her Sex; and now, at once, to find his Happiness imaginary! the Woman he had idoliz'd, he had worshipp'd as a *Goddess*, but meer *Mortal*, with all her Sex's Failings, truly eminent in nothing but Hypocrisie! the Favours he had receiv'd only the Overflowings of a *Luxurious* Appetite, or condescended to, to gratifie a *Mercenary* one! made him almost distracted. He seem'd either never to have known, or to have forgot his own Imperfections, which if he had duly weigh'd, he cou'd never have been deceiv'd into an Opinion that a Woman neither old nor unlovely cou'd have been blind to 'em, and consequently scap'd a Disappointment so grievous: Not a Person of his Acquaintance but he told the Story to, making most pitiful Lamentations, saying how dearly he had lov'd the *Baroness*, how much he had studied to oblige her, what Presents he had made her, the Pleasure with
which

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which she had seem'd to accept of his Services, describ'd the a thousand times repeated Endearments which had pass'd between them, and then (bursting into a Flood of Tears) Yet she is false, wou'd he cry, she is false! *forsworn to all the Gods and me!* The poor Wretch, to his other Fopperies, had also a passionate Affection for Rhiming, a Vanity almost as unbecoming to one of his *Age*, as *Love*; and now having two such Themes as Despair and the Perfidy of a Mistress, *Melpomene* was every Day invok'd, the whole Town was persecuted with his Complaints in *Metre*, and 'tis hard to say, which suffer'd most in his publishing 'em, the *Baroness's* Reputation of *Honour*, or his own of *Understanding*.

Not in this manner behav'd the *Marquis de Sonville*, the *Count de la Torre*, the *Chevalier St. Aumar*, and *Monsieur Beauclair*; the three former immediately enter'd into new Attachments, in the Pleasures of which the Memory of the old one was easily forgot: and the Condition of the *Latter* was such as wou'd neither permit him to complain, to rail, or to condemn: He was not perhaps in so great a Surprize at the late Discovery of the *Baroness's* Humour as some others appeared to be, but the Treatment which he was witness *Du Lache* had receiv'd, and the Character he heard of him, was what involv'd him in the greatest Perplexity: he now began to imagine that there was more than a Probability that all he had been told of *Montamour* was false, and the Horror he conceiv'd at having suffer'd himself to be impos'd on to the Prejudice of that Lady's Reputation and his own Inclinations, was such as Language is too weak to represent. Once he believ'd nothing cou'd be a greater Misfortune than

than the Assurance she was unworthy his Affection ; now he dreaded that he shou'd one Day be convinc'd she was but too meritorious. If she be innocent, said he to himself, what a Villain, what a Monster, must I have all this while appear'd ? — Ignorant of the Arts by which I have been deluded, she must despise and hate me — What shall I do to acquire a Knowledge of the Truth ? — how find out the fatal Certainty of her Virtue ! a Certainty which must for ever damn me to Despair, since Devil like, I have renounc'd my Heaven ; yet frightful as the Precipice appears, I must plunge in — must fathom the wild Abyss ! — must drag up *Confirmation*, tho' she comes waited on by all the Terrors of *Remorse*, Self-condemnation, and the ever-during Sting of Conscience — Hell, Hell it self affords no Torture like *Suspence*, cruel distracting Sense-destroying *Suspence* ! — Give, give me, Fate ! some Means to ease the present Anguish, and order all hereafter as thou pleasest. In this manner whenever he was alone did he torment himself, and when in Company no more appear'd the Man he was ! a sullen Cloud hung ever on his Brow ! his once enlivening Conversation was now exchang'd for Peevishness ! his Gallantry for cold Neglect ! his gay Address for silent Churlishness ! perpetual Ill-nature and an incessant Gloom diffus'd it self thro' all his Air, and darkned every Grace ! Whenever he heard the Name of *Tortillée* (as the prodigious Eclat the Adventure of the Letter to *La Branche* had made in Town gave him frequent Occasions) it fill'd him with mortal Disquiets, if that of *Montamour*, he was unable to contain himself. In this Confusion of Thought he sought *Du Lache*, resolving

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to force from him a Clue to guide him thro' a Labyrinth which at present seem'd so intricate; but that Villain was no where to be found, and to hope for any from the *Baroness* was ridiculous; besides the Sight of her was now grown insupportable, and 'tis possible he wou'd rather have remain'd for ever as he was, than have been oblig'd to her for an Eclaircissement, had there been any Probability she wou'd have been prevail'd on to make one. In these Perturbations let us leave him for a while, and see what became of those who had occasion'd them.

Du Lache, after receiving that contemptuous Usage from the *Marquis*, quitted not the *Baroness's* House; but being retir'd into an inner Room, a little to recollect himself and consider what it shou'd be that occasion'd it, was seen by *Harriot*, and immediately directed to her Lady, whom he found in a Disorder scarce possible to conceive; yet wild, and incoherent as her tempestuous Passion was, he soon discover'd what had happen'd, and join'd with her in exclaiming on the Vanity and Neglect of *La Branche*, who had so little regard of a Lady's Reputation as to suffer her Letters to be expos'd. He had also another Account to give of this unworthy Lover, which, if any thing cou'd have heighten'd the Fury she was already in, the Knowledge of wou'd have done. Not all those Artifices which had triumph'd over the Judgment of so many Men of Sense, had been able to work the desir'd Effect on *La Branche*. Stupid as he was in every thing else, in this he had the Advantage of those of the best Understanding, and in spite of all that *Du Lache* and his politic Instructress cou'd do, the young Woman, whose Engagements with him had perhaps been the

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the greatest Motive which intitled him to be lov'd by the *Baroness*, was now going to take him from her for ever; they were to be married in a few days, and this vile Woman had the just Mortification to be told, that to make Reparation for his former Transgression, he had bound himself in an Obligation never to see her more. To represent in what manner she receiv'd this News, one had need be acquainted with the Inhabitants of *Beblem*; her Words, her Looks, her Air, were all Distraction — she saw she was utterly undone with the *Marquis de Sonville*, the *Count de la Torre*, the *Chevalier St. Aumar*, *Beauclair*, and *La Sourbe*; and to be abandon'd by the Man for whose sake she had lost the Esteem and good Opinion of them all, was such a killing Stroke, as nothing cou'd enable her to support. Wanting the means of Vengeance on those who had occasion'd it, her unavailing Rage recoil'd upon it self; she tore her Hair and Face, and bit her very Flesh in the Extremity of her Passion: it was not now in the Power of her Emissary *Du Lache* to say or do any thing that cou'd give her Consolation; the Case was now too desperate to admit Relief from any of those Stratagems he had formerly so well succeeded in; his Artifices were discover'd, and therefore no more effectual! He was now a known Deceiver! a Villain proclaim'd, as his Patroness was a Jilt! and all that either of 'em cou'd do, was to vent some Part of their enervate Malice in Curses: After having rail'd themselves almost out of Breath against *La Branche*, the *Marquis*, and all who had seem'd to approve of his Proceeding, they began, as 'tis the Custom of all base People when their Designs miscarry, to reflect one on another; You might have prevented

all this, Madam, said he, but your ungovern'd Passion for *La Branche* wou'd suffer you to listen to no Reasons. — Villain! cry'd she, to what end have I heap'd unnumber'd Obligations on thee, but to engage thy subtil working Brain to procure my Pleasures, and protect my Fame? but stupid, or ungrateful! thou now hast ruin'd both— my Reputation's lost, my Love undone! the Earth contains not so forlorn a Wretch — yet thou canst calmly tell me, *this might have been prevented*—— Yes, it might, had thy Management been equal to thy boasting. Madam! what cou'd I do? resum'd he, I never approv'd of your entring into an Engagement with *La Branche*, I knew he was unfit, and therefore advis'd you.— Thou Fool! interrupted the impatient *Baroness*, what Lover ever took Advice? His Humour or his Principles being unsuited to my Purpose made not his Form less pleasing to my Eyes—— 'twas thy Business to have wound thy self into his Soul, chang'd every Movement there! created all a-new, and fashion'd it to my Design. Thus did each endeavour to lay the Blame of this Misfortune on the other, and the Dispute growing higher, at last it came to a down right Quarrel, and they parted almost as ill satisfied with one another as both were with the World.

Some Days past before they met again: the *Baroness* shut herself into her Chamber, and wou'd see no Company; and *Du Lache* was beginning to think what Course of Life he must now take up, believing there was no more Profit to be expected from that he had lately profess'd. But he was too skilful an Engineer to be discarded so; when he had given over all hope of ever being employ'd

employed by her again, a Messenger came from the *Baroness*, to let him know she desir'd to speak with him immediately: The Summons was too welcome not to be readily obey'd: he went, but found not the Business what he imagin'd, to endeavour to reinstate her in the Affections of any of her former Lovers, or to contrive some plausible Pretence for the introducing her to a new one, but to assist her once more to get rid of a Husband, who was coming to call her to a dreadful Account for her Behaviour. She had just received News, that the *Baron's* Distemper having reach'd the Ear of a skilful Physician, who happen'd to be at that Time in the Country where she had dispos'd him, he attempted to cure it, which he had accomplish'd to the Wonder of every body who had been Witness of his Frenzy; That this much-wrong'd Gentleman was preparing for *Paris*; and that the Person who had restor'd him to Reason, had also made him know it was but by some supernatural Means that he so long had languish'd in the Want of it. This was a terrible Shock, a Blow indeed, which all the Artifice of this guilty Pair was at a Loss for Means to parry: They spent some time in bewailing their common Misfortune; she upbraided *Du Lache* for his ill-tim'd Mercy, as she call'd it. I wou'd have put an end to my Fears, said she, by taking away the Life of this Troubler of my Repose; had your Advice not interpos'd, I had not now been so curs'd in the Apprehension that I must be oblig'd to answer for my past Conduct, and regulate the future ——— But for you, continu'd she, I might have been blest as my utmost Wish cou'd make me, Mistress of my self! entire Possessor

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Possessor of the whole Fortune of this foolish Baron! and independant of the World's Opinion! Now I must flatter, sooth, cajole, and all, perhaps, in vain, for a precarious Substante ——— wretched, wretched Fool (cry'd she out, stamping and biting her Nails) to be thus persuaded contrary to my Interest, to my Inclinations, to my Eternal Peace. ——— Hold, Madam, hold (interrupted he) have Patience, 'tis not yet too late to prevent the Ills you dread; the Instruments of Death are still at Hand, and when, like Fate, you give the Word, shall rush to Execution. The horrid Deed being thus resolv'd on, all they had to do was to contrive the Means to bring it about. After several Inventions form'd and rejected because they were either Unsafe or Unsure, it was at last pitch'd on, that she shou'd write a most tender and passionate Letter, congratulating his Return of Health, and pressing his coming Home; that it shou'd be convey'd to him by *Le Songe* and *Toucarr*, who were to pass as Servants she had lately taken into her Family, and recommended to attend him to *Paris*. This way, said he, will certainly be the most effectual, for it will prevent him from hiring any Servants, who perhaps might be resolute enough to defend their Master, if our Friends should attack him on the Road; but being receiv'd by him in this manner, he will be entirely in their Power, and they may have an easie Opportunity of dispatching him in the Journey, whenever they find a Place convenient. The *Baroness* approv'd of it extremely, and thinking every Moment an Age till her wicked Designs were brought about, immediately set down to write, while

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Du Lache went to prepare his assisting Villains for the Enterprize they were to undertake.

Enough has been said of the Character of these two Wretches, to make the Reader know they were capable of any Mischief which had a Prospect of Advantage: they readily agreed, and being equipt in Habits proper for their Design, took Horse the same Night, promising they would bring back a satisfactory Account of what they had done. An Accident happen'd immediately after, which convinc'd the *Baroness* how necessary what she had contriv'd was to the Conservation of her Fortune. *Du Lache* was under an Arrest on the Account of some Riot he had lately been guilty of, to redeem him from which there must be a good sum of Money deposited; she sent to the Banker in whose Hands lay the best part of the *Baron's* ready Cash, but he refus'd to pay her any, saying he had a Letter of Advice to the contrary, and that he would disburse no more, till he either saw her Lord, or had Orders from him to do it. This was enough to let her know the Power she once had over him was at an End, and that if he liv'd to return, she must expect another sort of Treatment than she had been accusom'd, or could endure to receive. Money however must be rais'd, her Instrument must not remain in Confinement; but having now no Credit even with a Lover, she procur'd some on her Jewels, and releas'd him without giving herself much Trouble about the Matter, believing she shou'd soon be in a Condition to redeem them, having a Will by her which the *Baron* in the Time of his too abundant Fondness had made, wherein she was left sole Executrix and full Mistress of every thing

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he had in the World. This she design'd to produce as soon as the wish'd-for News of his Death shou'd arrive, to the Disappointment of all his Relations, who were utterly ignorant of his having been guilty of so much Injustice. Some Debts also, which the Extravagance of this Fellow had contracted, now threatening to come upon him, and the Impossibility there was at present for the *Baroness* to discharge them, oblig'd him, as soon as he was releas'd from his Confinement, to take shelter in her House, till the happy Hour was come in which they were to have all things in their Power.

It was in this Time of his absconding that *Monsieur Beauclair* was in Search of him every where, but in the Place in which he really was; but tho' it was highly probable he might have been heard of at the *Baroness's*, yet so great was his Aversion to that House, that he cou'd not think of going to it on any Account whatsoever; and to send any other Person to make an Enquiry, he knew wou'd be in vain, since he was told the Reasons of his concealing himself: But notwithstanding the Impossibility he found there was of coming to any Knowledge of the Truth thro' his means, he was inform'd of enough to make him but too sensible for his Repose, that he had been betray'd into a wrong Belief: He sometimes visited *Mademoiselle Sansfoy*; and that Lady, who had not the Gift of concealing any thing she knew, soon made him acquainted that it was only from *Du Lache* she had been told any thing to the Disadvantage of *Montamour's* Reputation, and that as to the Story of *Galliard*, she was now fully convinc'd it was entirely false. The Pangs which at this Discourse seiz'd the Soul of the too late

late repenting *Beauclair* were such as were very near driving him to Distraction: The Reflection how by the *worst* of Women, and her cursed Agents, he had been led to injure the *Best*; one who lov'd him, one for whose sake, while he believed her true, he wou'd have forgone all that this World calls dear, was so dreadful a Shock to his Honour! good Nature! every generous Principle of Humanity! that all the Strength of Reason and Discretion he was Master of, cou'd hardly enable him to sustain: Cou'd his whole Fortune, nay his very Life, have called back Time, and cancell'd the Actions of a few past Months, how gladly wou'd he have resign'd it! but such a Wish was both ridiculous and vain; nor cou'd he hope the sincere Remorse and Grief he felt for what he had done, cou'd expiate his Guilt; the Person he had injur'd was insensible of his Repentance; she was ignorant how much he suffer'd in a self-Conviction; or if by any Means he could acquaint her with it, he cou'd not assure himself she wou'd think it a sufficient Inducement to engage her to forgive: Yet all the Consolation his Sorrows wou'd admit, was to make Tryal of her Goodness. Perhaps, thought he, if I cou'd once more have the Happiness to throw my self beneath her Feet, to confess my Fault, to implore her Pity, she may yet have some Remains of Tenderness, which my Complaints may waken! Ungrateful as I seem, she still may love me, and nothing is unpardonable to *Love*! With these and the like Suggestions, which the natural Cheerfulness of his Temper, and the Experience he had of the Sweetness of her Disposition inspir'd him with, did he repel Despair, whenever he found it

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attempted to assail him. But a true Passion cannot for any long Time content it self with an *Ideal Bliss*: it was not sufficient that he imagin'd a Possibility of being forgiven, of being blest as he had been in the Affections of his, now more than ever, adorable and belov'd *Montamour*, without an Assurance that he was so. And tho' Hope is the best Cordial to preserve Desire, those who sit down with that, and delay the Prosecution of a farther Satisfaction, are like those who build Castles in the Air, pleasing themselves with an imaginary Happiness, which, whenever they gather Courage enough to endeavour to lay hold on, flies from the Embrace, and cheats the vain Attempter. *Beauclaire* was for no such Unsubstantial Blessings, the Comfort he found in entertaining an Opinion that he might one Day be happy, hinder'd him not from an Impatience to be so.

Love, ever fertile in Invention, and aiding to the Wishes of a zealous Votary, soon furnish'd him with a Stratagem, which promis'd him Success, at least so far as to give him once more an Opportunity of seeing and speaking to *Montamour*. He was acquainted with a Fryar of the Order of *St. Dominic*, one who was not the most strict of his Profession, one who had himself experienc'd the Force of Love, and knew how to commiserate the Woes it very often was the Cause of. To him did the restless *Beauclaire* apply for Relief; he made no Secret of the whole History of his Passion, and the Delusions he had been ensnar'd by, and entreated his Assistance in the Design he had form'd. He so far prevail'd on him, as to engage him to procure a Fryar's Habit for him, and got his Instructions in what

manner

manner to behave, that he might pass for such to the *Abbess* of the Monastery where *Montamour* had enter'd herself. Every thing being ready, he soon set out for the Land of Love, not greatly despairing but that at his Arrival he shou'd find himself not an unwelcome Guest.

He follow'd so exactly the Directions had been given him by the good-natur'd Fryar, that whoever had seen him in that Garb wou'd have suspected him for no other than what he seem'd.

Being come to the Monastery, the Sanctity of his Appearance gave him an easie Admittance, and telling the *Abbess* that he had taken that Journey at the Entreaty of the Brother of *Montamour*, who had inform'd him that he was under an Apprehension that there was more of *Pique* than true *Devotion* in her abandoning the World, and desir'd him to discourse her on that Affair: When he told me this, said the Counterfeit Venerable, I thought the Duty of my Function oblig'd me to search into the Truth, and use the best of my Endeavours to prepare her, if she is not so already, for the Happiness which a Religious Life affords! With this and some other Expressions of the same nature, the Reverend Matron was wholly won to his Purpose: she left him alone, while she went to acquaint *Montamour* of his being there, and the Reasons which had brought him; but when she return'd leading her in, and had presented her to him, how impossible would it be to set forth the Confusion he was in: the sudden Rush of painful Ecstasie! the darting, throbbing, tingling Mixture of Delight and Terror, which every Vein confess'd! and shook the alarm'd Heart with almost mortal Tremblings! not all the natural Boldness of his

Sex, not all that Presence of Mind which us'd to be his inseparable Companion, not all the Resolutions he had form'd, not all the Care he had taken to arm himself for this Encounter, were sufficient to defend him when once the lovely injur'd *Montamour* appear'd ! He thought she look'd more fair, more beautiful than ever ! and tho' her Eyes had lost nothing of their wonted Sweetness, yet a long Habitude of Melancholy had abated a little of the Gaiety of their Rays, and the Austerity of the Life she was about to embrace had given her a greater Composedness in her Countenance ; conscious of Guilt, and too too sensible of his own Unworthiness to find Mercy, she seem'd to him such as Imagination figures a destroying Angel, adorn'd in shining Ruin ! all gloriously Cruel ! and severely Just ! It was not in the least owing to his own Conduct that his Disorders were not visible to the *Abbess*, but that good Lady believing that on the Account he came it was improper to have a third Person Witness of what he had to deliver, took her Leave, only telling him, that when their Conference was ended, she shou'd entreat his Company to take part of what their Cloyster afforded : but he neither heard nor had Power to make any Answer to this Compliment ; every Sense was absent, and Thought dissolv'd in the vast Hurry of his various Emotions ; but when *Montamour*, who little suspected the reason of the *Fryar's* Silence and distant Behaviour, desir'd him to sit, and was beginning to enquire after her Brother, the Sound of her dear, well-remembered Voice, the graceful, charming manner in which she express'd herself, and that engaging undiscrivable, inimitable Something which is not to be

be acquir'd, and which is only to be found in the Air and Mein of those whom *Nature* and not *Art* embellishes, putting him more stronger in Remembrance of the felicitous Moments her Conversation formerly had bless'd him with, and revolving in an Instant ten thousand little nameless Softnesses, — the thrilling, melting, rapturous Amusements, — the Consequences of mutual Passion, — and comparing the *present* with the *past*, what he endur'd was not to be conceal'd! — a sudden burst of wild impetuous Passion broke thro' all Disguise! blaz'd in his Eyes! and shew'd the burning Lover plain! Forgetful of what his cooler Thoughts had form'd, he threw himself on her Bosom, grasping her with a Violence scarce supportable, and fixing close to hers his glowing Lips, had Power no other way to express the Ecstasie he now again began to re-enjoy — a thousand fond endearing things crowded at once into his Soul, and press'd for Utterance — he wou'd have spoke 'em all, but the tumultuous Meanings were too great, too many, and overthrew each other in the Throng, and all he cou'd bring forth was *Montamour!* — *Angelick Montamour!* — Divine, Adorable *Montamour!* — This was indeed sufficient to make her sensible who it was she entertain'd; and nothing can be more amazing than that in the Surprise of such an Interview, she acted not the least Extravagance. — Neither the Shock which the Remembrance of his late ill Usage gave her Pride, vented itself in Fury and Revilings; nor the secret Pleasure, which in spite of her Resentment, her continued Tenderness felt at his Repentance and Return, was discoverable by either Word or Look; but doubtful

ful that she might not retain this Command of her Temper, if she trusted herself to listen to the Charms of his Persuasion, wou'd not put it to the Venture; but getting loose from his Embrace, and giving a sudden Spring to a little Bell which hung in the Room, rung it with such a Force, that the *Abbess* and several of the *Nuns* came running in before this disappointed Lover cou'd say or do any thing to prevent her. What this holy Man (said she turning to the *Abbess*) has to offer, may, perhaps, be very good! but as my Resolution to become a *Devotee* is fix'd, I think it needless to hear any thing which is design'd as an Endeavour to alter it; if my Brother is possess'd of any Scruples, or wou'd infuse any into you, of my Unworthiness of the Profession, he may communicate them by Letters either to you or me, for I am fully determin'd to enter into no Conversation with any Stranger, till my having taken the Orders has put a Stop to all the Arguments which may possibly be prepar'd to hinder me. In speaking these last Words, which she pronounc'd with the most resolute Air, she flew out of the Room, leaving him to make his Excuse as he cou'd to the *Abbess*, and those of the Sisterhood who had accompanied her. The Consternation they were in at her Behaviour was very favourable to *Beauclair*; for while they were looking on one another, wondering what it should be that had occasion'd it, he gain'd a little Time for the Recovery of his scatter'd Spirits, but not enough to enable him to speak of this Adventure as a Person so unconcern'd as that which he represented wou'd have done. The Confusion, however, and Hesitation of the few Words he spoke, were look'd on only as occasion'd

casion'd by his Chagrin for the indifferent Reception he had met with; and he left them as full of Trouble for the Disrespect they imagin'd had been paid to a Man of his Reverence, as they wou'd have been of Anger had they suspected the Imposture.

But when he was return'd to the Inn where he had taken up Lodgings for this Affair, how infinitely short of what he felt wou'd all Description be! For some Hours he was utterly incapable of Reflection, and its Return serv'd but to torture him with redoubled Agonies! All the Horrors, all the Woes that can be imagined to attend disappointed Passion work'd up to the most elevated Degree that Human Nature can sustain, rag'd in his Soul, and tore him with Variety of Anguish. It was the least of his Vexations that he owed them only to himself; if *Monsieur* was incens'd it was his own ill Conduct was the Cause; and if she never shou'd be brought to a Reconciliation, what but his own Unworthiness cou'd he accuse! In fine, he was quite Soul-sick and mad at the thoughts of what he had done, and the forgetfulness he had suffered himself to fall into, in losing an opportunity so hard to be found, of endeavouring once to move her in his favour. But as impossible as at present it seem'd of getting any means of seeing or speaking to her again, he cou'd not think of returning to *Paris* thus unsatisfied: Her Year of Probation was now almost expired—the fatal Time drew near in which she was to take an Eternal farewell of the World, and then not all his Tears, his Vows, Entreaties, or Repentance, not even her own Desires had power to make him happy—Some Contrivance there-
fore

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fore must be form'd, and speedily, and he resolv'd, let the Course be never so desperate, to hazard all for one more Interview. Invention charg'd with the Commands of Passion brought forth a numerous Issue of unjoynted Projects—but abortive all, disown'd by Reason and unnerv'd for Action—to think of entring the Monastery as a *Fryar*, tho' by never so different a Pretence from that he lately went on, was ridiculous and vain; he had been detected in that Habit by the Person from whom, till she was a little softned, he found it was most his Interest to be conceal'd; and she being under the same Roof would afford him slender Consolation, if denied the Privilege of entertaining her—— Sometimes he was thinking to disguise himself as a Cripple, pretend he had fallen from his Horse, and being unable to travel, implore the Charity and Assistance of the Sisterhood; but the remembrance that there was a College of Jesuits within a Bowshot from the Monastery, to which they would probably send him, as a Place more proper and convenient, put an End to that design——Another Stratagem was to dress himself as a Woman, whom some unexpected ill Turn of Fortune had driven from her Parents, and beg an Asylum there; but this his Stature forbid——It was a considerable Time before any thing which seem'd feasible offer'd it self to his Fancy; but what is it that a Lover cannot at last get the better of, when Resolution is on his side! As he was walking one Day by the Walls which encompass'd the *Nunnery* Gardens, he perceiv'd a piece of it had lately fallen and was now repairing by the Workmen, he presently bethought him of becoming a Labourer, and by that

that means having free egress and regress to carry Mortar, Stone and other things for the Work, he might easily hide himself among the Bushes, and watch an opportunity of *Montamour's* coming out to walk. This Enterprize was no sooner conceived than put in Execution, his Fryar's Vest was now exchanged for a ragged Coat, his Cowl for a Linsy Woolsey Cap, and his Beads for a Hod; by offering himself for a low Hire he was immediately entertain'd by the Master; his business being only to fetch and carry, he was not at all found fault with, but perform'd what he had undertaken with more diligence than those who had all their life been accustomed to it; so much more is it for the truly well-bred to descend to the meanest Offices, than for those born to Beggery to bear Prosperity and an affluence of Fortune superior to their hopes. Nor did his Toil in the Day make him forgetful of what he had design'd in the Night, but as soon as he saw they were about to leave work he took his opportunity to slide down from the Wall and conceal him in the most remote part of the Garden. The *first* Night of his watching he had no other Reward than a distant sight of *Montamour* as she was at Prayers among the rest of the *Nuns*, for the Chappel had a Window into the Garden, and was low enough for him to look in as he stood a Tip-toe. The *Second* indeed paid his Pains much better; she walked above an Hour close by the place where he was hid, and tho' he cou'd not speak to her, because there were two of the *Nuns* with her, yet he had the satisfaction to observe she was extremely pensive, and that all her Companions cou'd do was ineffectual to remove a Melancholly which he

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he had leave to hope was influenced by her secret Thoughts of him. But the *Third* gave him an Opportunity full as his Soul cou'd wish. It chanc'd to be an extream fine Evening, and the fragancy of the Air had drawn a great Number of the young *Devotees* out to refresh themselves; *Montamour* was among them, and he still found she was as thoughtful as before. They pass some Hours there, some walking—some sitting on the grassy Banks, —some sporting with the various colour'd Flowers which grew on the Borders, and seem'd to court the Gatherer's Hand,—some cooling their Fingers in the Fountain, and wantonly throwing the Water on their Companions — every one diverting herself as her innocent and undisturbed Fancy led her—but *Montamour*, whose Mind was more perplexed, and who in the late Adventure with the lovely *Fryar* had found that Self-denial was the hardest of all Virtues, affected to walk alone; she either not observed or had no relish of the little Recreations they enjoy'd, but singling herself from the rest, he saw her strike down an Alley which led to a fine *Grotto* at the lower end of the Garden: The Place he had that very Night fortunately made Choice of for his Concealment was a long narrow Walk of *Cassia*, the end of which came almost to the *Grotto*, and was shelter'd all the way with a thick Row of Palms, on this he cou'd walk without being in the least heard or seen by any body in the Garden; and as soon as he saw which way she went he immediately follow'd. He was at the end of the Walk almost as soon as she was in the *Grotto*, but he durst not enter, while there was Company so near, fearing the strength of her Resolution and the

the Prejudice she had conceiv'd against him, and which he but too justly had deserv'd, shou'd influence her to treat the *Labourer* in the same manner as she had done the *Pygar*. These Suggestions were indeed most consonant to Reason, but they were presently oppos'd by others of a very different Nature; he began to think that if she left the Garden before the others he might never have so good an opportunity as now, that there was scarce a probability he shou'd ever find her entirely alone, and that it was better to hazard her Good-nature if she wou'd suffer him to speak to her now, than run the risque of not speaking to her at all; while he was thus debating, and irresolute what to do, he heard the Charmer who had occasioned this Conflict in his Soul, tune her Guittare; in Expectation of that Melody, he for a while suspended his Cogitation, and heard her sing in a soft, low, but sweet and harmonious Accent these Words, which 'tis probable were of her own Composing.

*No more, fond Maid! direct thy fruitless Aims
To Bliss thou canst but in Idea know;
A Love so Pure as thine Heaven only claims,
Nor will be rival'd by the Toys below!*

II.

*Fly! Fly! Ob Fly! the Sense-alluring Bait
Of gay Decits, in tender Raptures dress!
Remorse and Shame do on Believing wait,
And late Repentance rends th' unwary Breast.*

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III. *From Damon's Air! his Shape! his flowing Wit!
His thousand, thousand Worlds of countless Charms!
A Fate weak Defence from Virtue does permit;
Unfurnish'd by Devotion's stronger Arms.*

IV. *Nor can Resentment, or thy Sex's Pride
For Injuries receiv'd, set free thy Mind:
Before Love's Fire those meaner Flames subside,
And shrink away like Vapours in the Wind!*

V. *In Piety, alone, a Refuge dwells
To shield thy Soul from Passion's pleasing Pain:
The base Efforts of faithless Man repels,
And renders all their soft Enchantments vain.*

With trembling Limbs and aking Heart the repenting *Beauclair* heard her sing these Lines, which gave him so much Cause to fear all his Endeavours to bring her to a Reconciliation wou'd be in vain. What hope to conquer, when with Heaven we contend! Yet tho' despairing, he wou'd not thus give over, and was moving softly towards the *Grotto*, resolving, let the Consequence be what it wou'd, to know his Doom at once, and end the Tortures of Suspence: But as he was just at the Entrance, the late ceas'd Harmony of her melodious Voice began a new to charm his listening Ears, and oblig'd him to delay the Prosecution of his Design, that he might

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might not lose the Pleasure of hearing her sing,
which she immediately did these Stanza's.

I.

*The Heart that once has Power to change,
And with a second Passion burn,
Tho' to the First it shou'd return,
Will ever be inclin'd to Range.*

II.

*Then Charming, Faithless, Swain give o'er!
Nor think by Prayers, or Sighs, to move!
A Rebel, once, to me, and Love,
I may Forgive, but Trust no more.*

III.

*No more will I deluded be;
Tho' with secret Wishes lying
All dissolving, melting, dying;
To Death I'll yield, but not to Thee!*

Tho' the Musick to which these Words were
set gave them an Air infinitely more gay than
the former, yet she cou'd not conclude them
without a mixture of Sighs, which occasioning
a Hesitation in her Speech made a perceivable Va-
riation in the Tune, and seem'd to mitigate their
rigid Meaning: The Sense, indeed, was cruel,
but the manner of Pronunciation was such, as
renewed in the attentive List'ner some of those
Hopes with which he had formerly been en-
liven'd. The Gardens were by this time wholly
free from Company, no Interruption near, every
K thing

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thing favour'd his Design, and now he thought he boldly might advance; but still the Terrors occasion'd by a Consciousness of his Unworthiness, and ever the Companions of Guilt, made him enter the *Grotto* but with Tremblings, and kept him for some Moments at an awful Distance: She was fallen into so deep a *Resverie* that she discern'd not that any Person was near, tho' the Moon, which was then at the Height, glitter'd thro' the Trees, and shone directly on him. Gladly wou'd he have indulg'd Contemplation, and fed Reflection with gazing on her Beauties, while thus unseen, and uncontrolled by the Severity of her Glances: but the remembrance how he had been disappointed by his late giving a Loose to the Ardors of his Passion, made him resolve to proceed with Art and Circumspection: He moved with gently-treading Steps to the Bank on which she sat, and was close by her, before she in the least perceiv'd him; but when, lifting up her Eyes, she saw a Man, and felt his Touch, (for he had seiz'd fast hold of her to prevent her stirring) she sent forth a great Shriek, loud enough to have alarm'd the *Convent*, had they had any Notion that any belonging to it was abroad. But to hinder her from repeating it, and unwilling to suffer her to continue longer in the Fright she was in, he threw himself on his Knees, and bathing the Hand he grasp'd with a Stream of Tears, Hold Madam! hold! said he, this is not the Posture of a Russian—I come not to alarm your Breast with Fears, but to move Pity there—'tis Pity only the adoring *Beauclair* asks, and that is what indeed his Miseries may claim. *Beauclair*! said she, surpriz'd beyond Expression, but perhaps not altogether

gether so much displeas'd as afterwards she feign'd to be. Yes Madam! resum'd he, tho' Despairing, Dying, but still Adoring, *Beausclair* entreats you but to hear what vast Appearances of Reason urg'd him to seem so careless of his Happiness, and rashly trespass against Heaven and you—and, if you *hear*, you will I hope forgive.—By what has already been said of the Passion of *Montamour*, the Reader may be better able to judge the Conflict she endured, than I am to describe it; but resolving to keep up her Resentment, and give no room for him to imagine there was a Possibility of renewing in her again those soft Emotions he once had the Power of inspiring her with; I am sorry *Monsieur*, answered she, (with an Accent which had nothing in it of Tender) that you shou'd have given your self a Trouble wholly unnecessary: Where there's no Wrong there needs no Justification.—I have profited too much by your Change of Humour, to be offended at it.—Those Vows which your Inconstancy releas'd me from, will soon be paid to a Sublimier Object: what you despis'd, Heaven will I hope accept, and by your Ingratitude I arrive at the only perfect Happiness here. How ought I then to bless the early Knowledge of your wavering Nature—to Thank you for your quick discover'd Baseness, that I in time might fly, and scorn your Faithless Sex. It was not so much the Words, as the Manner in which they were spoke, which seiz'd the Soul of him they were address'd to with Horrors he had never known before. Not the past Torturing Pangs of her imagin'd Falshood, nor the ensuing Terrors of Remorse for his own Guilt, were half so dread-

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ful as the *present* Racks. Amidst the doubtful Gloom some intermingling Beams of Hope had still dawn'd o'er his Wishes, chearing Expectance with promises of a future Day! But all was Darkness now,—all black Despair! The fix'd Coldness, the unmov'd Constancy which every Word and Look, and the whole Air of *Montamour* denoted, now made him but too sure she was inevitably lost—Nor did the remembrance of the Fault he had been guilty of, permit him even the poor Comfort of complaining of her Severity. Awhile he gaz'd upon her with such Inward, Tumultuous, Emotions as depriv'd him of the Power of Speech, till perceiving she was about to go out of the *Grotto*, and leave him in the same manner she had done before, he threw himself on his Knees, by Force retaining her, till he had recover'd himself enough to endeavour to persuade. All that the tenderest Love, the fiercest Wishes, the most bleeding, burning, Passion, made desperate, and raging, can inflict, was to the Life demonstrated in all his Words and Actions; his trembling Limbs, his wild distracted Looks, his faltering Speech, his unconnected Expressions, display'd the Deity in his full genuine Force. Unshadow'd, Undisguis'd, with any of those Pageant Arts of Pompous Eloquence, which oft adorn a Counterfeited Flame; but are forgot and lost amidst the Ardors of a true Affection. Oh wou'd the unwary Fair, when thus address'd, but give her Reason scope to Judge, how easily might she discern the real *Lover*, from the flattering *Courtier*; admire the *Wit*, but scorn the *Affected Passion* of him who comes but to seduce, and ruin her. But indeed, there are so few of either Sex sincerely touch'd with a noble and generous Desire,

fire, that 'tis no wonder they mistake it in another: Deceit meets with Deceit, and both are unconcern'd alike.

But *Montamour* was vastly different, as was her *Beauclair*, from those fashionable Enamorato's: with Truth, with Tenderness, with Zeal, she lov'd; and tho' she had all the Reason in the World for keeping up her Resentment, and had Strength enough of Resolution to restrain the Fondness of her Passion from showing it self to one who had so greatly injur'd her, and whose Repentance she thought too small a Recompence; yet did her Soul pity the Agonies she, by her own, was too—too sensible were Unfeigned, and must her self of Consequence suffer far greater. Passions of all kinds find Ease in the discovery, but smother'd Anguish preys on the very Vitals, the stifled Sighs recoil on the tormented Heart, and crack the Strings of Life. Yet persisting in her Coldness, and resolving rather to dye than recede from that Indifference she had vow'd to wear for ever in her Behaviour to him, all that his Tears, Entreaties, agonizing Groans cou'd move her to, was to sit down and listen to all he had to say in Vindication of his late Proceedings; which was to relate, in as brief a manner as he cou'd, the Delusions of *Du Lache*, and the Artifices by which he had been brought to a Belief of her Inconstancy: he kept back nothing of the Truth, but that which Honour forbade him to reveal, the Favours he had received from the *Baroness*. But *Montamour*, who was no Stranger to that part of the Story, having patiently heard the rest, and perceiving he had done, wou'd not omit this Opportunity of letting him know, not the most

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secret Transactions of his Guilt had been hid from her. You do well *Monsieur*, said she, to make a Repetition of every thing which may seem to excuse the ill Treatment you have given me, artfully concealing, while you relate the Accusations laid on me, the Charms of my Rival, without which all the Suggestions of a Villain like *Du Lache* had been ineffectual. Oh too severely judg'd, interrupted the Soul-tortur'd *Beauclair*; be witness for me Heaven, and send down instant Punishments on my Devoted Head, if I swerve in the least Title from the Truth——if e'er my Soul conceived one tender Thought, once form'd a Wish, or knew one soft Desire, which centred not in *Montamour*——if still she was not, even at the time when most I fear'd she scorn'd me, the only dearest Object of my Thoughts by Day, and Dreams by Night,——if even her Anger, killing as it is, wears not more Charms to me, than all the Endearing Smiles of her whole Sex besides——if in this Dreadful Moment, this Cruel Now, when all my Tears, my Prayers, my Sorrow and Repentance, my inward Agonies, the speechless Torments of my poor rending, bleeding, breaking Heart cannot obtain one pitying Glance, one kind commiserating Word, she be not dearer to me than Life, and all the gay Delights this World can give——and if it be not greater Pleasure here to expire before her, than live whole Ages in a Queen's Embraces, may all the Curses due to Perfidy fall heavy on me. He would have proceeded, but she prevented him. Hold! said she, forbear these Imprecations. I believe you once did Love me, nay, I am of Opinion you have

refus'd

resum'd that Tenderness you had for a Time thrown off; but (continued she with a Smile which had in it more of Disdain than Satisfaction) while you imagin'd me false, it was but reasonable you should seek some Consolation, and where so probable to find it as in the Arms of a Woman so every way qualified, and so desirous to please, as the *Baroness De Tortille*? The disorder'd Lover hung down his Head, utterly unable to make any Reply to these cutting Words: He was too open and sincere in his Nature to be guilty of denying that it was really his Desire of forgetting *Montamour*, which had induc'd him to visit the *Baroness*, and to confess it he thought wou'd be an Aggravation of his Crime. At last, Oh Madam! resum'd he, the Opinion I was ensnar'd into of your Unkindness drove me Mad, I knew not what I did——but of this one thing I am sure, and of that alone, that I have never ceas'd to Love you——and whatever Appearances may be against me, my Heart cou'd never be but yours. Notwithstanding all that prodigious Presence of Mind which *Montamour* was Mistress of, and the Resentment with which she had arm'd her self as soon as she saw *Beauclair* was near her, she began to find it now impossible much longer to preserve it in his Presence; and looking on the secret Pleasure which, in spite of her Indignation, she felt in entertaining him, as a Sin to Prudence, and the Resolution she had made of forgetting him, muster'd up all the remains of Anger in her Heart, to inspire her with all means of Banishing him for ever; and taking the Advantage of his last Words, One wou'd, indeed, (said she, with a Voice full of Austerity) believe that you know

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not what you did, or sure he who has so publickly avowed himself the Lover of the *Baroness De Tortille*, wou'd never after that imagine his Pretensions were capable of creating in *Montamour* any other Passion than Disdain and Hatred——I shou'd have an Aversion to my self (added she, after a little Pause) if I cou'd think any Action of mine has ever given you leave to judge so meanly of me, as to make you hope there cou'd be an Atonement for Injuries like those you've offer'd me——No, *Beauclair*! No; I am not twice to be deceived——nor, had I the most undeniable Assurances that you lov'd even more than you wou'd persuade me that you do; nay, were I weak enough to feel for your return of Passion the same soft Emotions which heav'd my credulous Heart when first I listned to your Vows, not to preserve *your* Life—*my own*——or the Eternal Peace of both, wou'd I forgive, or e'er consent to see you more. As soon as she had done speaking she turn'd away, resolving to give him no farther opportunity of Conversation; and it was but for a very few Moments that he had Power either by Persuasion or Force to detain her, for perceiving his Despair made him have recourse to the latter, she darted from his Arms with an uncounterfeited Fury, vowing that if he presum'd to hold, or follow her, she wou'd alarm the Convent with her Cries, and expose him to all the Punishments of the Ecclesiastick Justice. This last Threat wou'd have avail'd but little, if the fierceness of the fair Menacer had not disarm'd him of all that Boldness, which is in some cases a necessary Qualification to make a Lover Master of his Wishes. He had not Courage to offend her more——All that Viva-

city of Thought ——— that Energy of Soul, which despises Opposition, and triumphs over the most strict Reservedness of the denying Charmer, was now utterly extinguish'd in him ——— he suffer'd her to depart ——— he saw her go ——— and while his straining Eyes pursu'd her till the exclusive Walls depriv'd him of that Blessing, his enervate Limbs refus'd to bear him after her ——— senseless and motionless he stood ——— chill Horror invaded every Faculty, and even Desire was froze : Had he regarded her with less Purity and Respect, he had perhaps succeeded better; but *Love* has ever this Incongruity in its Effects, that the more violent it is, the less it is capable of serving itself.

It must be a Pen infinitely more capable of Description than mine, which cou'd represent the true State of his Condition: when left alone, all that Despair, and Rage, and Grief, heighten'd by a Consciousness of Guilt, and justly meriting every thing he suffer'd, cou'd inflict, was his. He thought it now altogether vain, ever to attempt her more; he gave himself up wholly to Distraction, and Life or Death were become Things indifferent to him ——— The Morning found him in this wretched Circumstance ——— the Sun, whose chearing Beams drive all the Mists and Vapours far away, dispell'd not his; odious and hateful to himself, he curs'd the Day, and wish'd eternal Darkness. — In this wild Hurry of confus'd Emotions, he neither consider'd where he was, nor the Danger of being discover'd to have been there all Night; he attempted not to escape, nor so much as once thought of it; and instead of concealing himself among the Bushes till the Workmen coming
might

might give him an Opportunity of mingling with them, as twice before he had done; he now lay flat on his Face in an open Alley of the Garden, where he was not only visible to his Fellow-Labourers, but also wou'd have been so to the whole Convent, if by chance any of them had look'd thro' the Windows. It must certainly have been pleasant enough to have seen (tho' the Repetition would afford but little matter of Diversion) the Astonishment and various Conjectures these Fellows put, on their finding him in that Place and Posture: some wou'd have it that he was a Thief, and had lain there with an Intent to rob the Monastery; others, that having been guilty of some notorious Crime, he had been ordered to run so great a Danger by way of Penance; but the most good-natur'd among them, observing the Disorder of his Looks and Words (for he was little prepared for Excuses) imagin'd he had been seiz'd with a sudden Fit of the falling Sickness, or Apoplexy; the Master himself was of this Opinion, and happening to be of a Disposition less inclining to create Disturbances than the generality of his Station, who are for the most part greatly delighted with Noise and Confusion of what kind soever, contented himself with discharging him from his Service, without giving any Notice of what had happen'd to the *Abbess* or any of the *Nuns*. One thing in this Passage I cannot let slip without observing, which is, that among the many different Conjectures which had been form'd, on the Discovery that a Man had dared to conceal himself all Night in that forbidden Ground, there was not one who imputed it to the true Cause; which proves how little People

ple of such low Capacities are able to entertain any Just Notions of that tender Passion, and how impossible it is for any but a Lover to conceive the Force of Love, and to what Lengths it will transport the Votary inspir'd with an unfeign'd Ardour. But setting aside Reflections, which the sensible Reader need not to be put in mind of, tho' our unfortunate Lover came off much better from this Adventure than he cou'd have expected, had he consider'd it all; yet the losing his Employ was the utter Loss of all Opportunity ever to try his Fortune there again, if it had been possible for him to have recovered Courage sufficient to attempt it: He was now oblig'd to leave her to the Performance of her Vow; but with what a Tempest of Mind, and how accompany'd, he return'd to *Paris*, those only who have ever been acquainted with the Furies of Despair, Remorse and a too late Repentance, can imagine.

While Affairs were in this melancholy Position between the Lovers, those who had been the Occasion of their Misfortunes were in a Condition much worse, tho' infinitely less deserving Compassion. The Hour was now come in which the wicked *Baroness*, and her Instruments of Mischiefe, were to prove, that Crimes, like theirs, howe'er triumphant for a while, will not always escape the Cognizance of avenging Heaven. One Evening as she was sitting in her Closet, accompany'd only by *Du Lacbe*, who for the Reasons before-mention'd was still in her House, they heard a loud knocking at the Gate, and immediately after, the Noise of several Persons coming hastily up Stairs: the impatient Expectation they both were in for the Return of *Toucar* and

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Le Songe, made them presently believe it was they, whose Haste to report the joyful Tidings they had brought, had made them stand on so little Ceremony ; but what was their Astonishment and Horror, when *Harriot*, who knew pretty well her Lady's Disposition, tho' perhaps not let into the depth of her Designs, came running into the Room, breathless and frighted out of her Wits, crying, O Madam ! my Lord — She had time for no more : the *Baron*, followed by several Gentlemen, was close behind her, imagining by her Hurry his Wife might be there, and probably not without a Thought he shou'd find some with her whom his Presence wou'd alarm ; but he was deceiv'd in this last Conjecture, for *Du Lacbe*, on the first Appearance of *Harriot*, the Terror he saw in her Countenance, and the Words she spoke, was apprehensive of the Truth, concluded himself betray'd, tho' he had no leisure to reflect by what Means ; and agitated at once with Guilt, and Shame, and Fear, the Villain's Curse, he flew backward to the Protection of a Screen which happen'd to be there, behind which there was a Door that open'd to a little Gallery, whence, in the present Confusion, he easily escap'd without being seen, at least by any who wou'd offer to detain him. But not the prodigious Surprize the *Baroness* must be in at seeing before her the Person she believed had been destroyed ; not all the Terrors which seiz'd her guilty Soul at the sight of him she had so highly injur'd, and in whose Eyes she read her Doom, had Power to deprive her of that Artifice which had so often secured her from Discovery, and might even now have stood her Friend, had the Proofs against her been such as wou'd have

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have admitted of the smallest Scruple : With Tears of Joy she seem'd to welcome her long absent Husband ——— She flew into his Arms, hung on his Neck, and fainted on his Breast with an admirably acted Transport of extravagant Affection ——— with such strenuous Embraces did she press him, that it was as much as he cou'd do to disengage himself; but when he had, Spare your self, Madam ! said he, turning his Head from her, spare *your self* the Pains, and *me* the Shock of remembring there can be such monstrous Dissimulation in the World ——— You see I have escap'd the Daggers you employ'd against me, and might, methinks, imagine I now know too much to be subjected to your Arts as heretofore. What means my Lord ? interrupted she, I employ Daggers ! Oh Heaven ! what *Feind* hast thou permitted to accuse me ? and turn the once fond Heart of my dear Lord to such unheard, unthought of Cruelty. — 'Tis all ——— 'tis all in vain, resumed the disordered *Baron*, and 'twou'd become you better of the two to avow your Hate, and say I was unworthy of your Bed, than poorly thus to counterfeit a Tenderness and deny a Guilt which all these here (continued he pointing to the Gentlemen who were with him) know as well as I ——— but to leave you no Shadow of an Excuse, I will inform you that it is by your own Emissaries you are betrayed ——— and when I repeat the Names of *Toncarri* and *Le Songe*, those design'd Murderers ——— those pretended Servants, sent by your self, and recommended by you, Shame, sure, will stop your Mouth ! The Amazement she put on at these Words, and the Affeuerations she made use of, that she was en-
tirely

tirely ignorant of what he meant, and that she knew those Men he mentioned for no other than what she sent them for, honest and diligent Attendants, was to no purpose to make her appear less vile; and the Disturbance of Soul which the *Baron* was in, damping the Power of expressing himself in as clear Terms as he wou'd have done, one of his Friends took upon him to address the Lady in this manner. Madam, said he, I fear that all you can say, or do, will be ineffectual to wipe off the Odium of an Accusation which so many Circumstances concur to make appear but too just — The unhappy *Delirium* which this much wrong'd Gentleman long labour'd under, is evident, from the manner in which he was seiz'd, the Testimony of the Physician who restored him, and several others of the Learned that have been consulted in it, that it proceeded from something that had been given him, and not from any natural Disorder; — then your Behaviour, while he languish'd under that Misfortune, has been, I'm sorry to say it, so contrary to what that of a Wife shou'd be, that it gives foul Suspicions 'twas by your Means he swallow'd the Occasion of his Distemper — but for this last, this yet more monstrous Contrivance, to murder him, both *Toucarre* and *Le Songe* have confess'd it was from the *Baroness* they were to receive that vast Reward *Du Lache* had promis'd them. 'Tis impossible to represent the Rage she flew into at these Words, or the Imprecations she made that every Article of this Accusation was false; but the *Baron*, now, too well convinc'd, growing impatient at her Obstinacy, wou'd not suffer her to speak much; and the Gentleman who had began to

discourse her on this Occasion, resum'd it in these or the like Words: Where Proofs are plain, said he, Denial but adds to the Crime, and justly aggravates the Person injur'd. Your Case wou'd be infinitely more worthy Commiseration, if touch'd with a due Sense of the Wrongs you have done the best of Husbands, you freely did acknowledge it, and in that Acknowledgement make known for whose sake, and by whose Artifices, you had been ensnared to forget all the Ties of Virtue, Honour and Gratitude, that we might take Revenge on the Deceiver, such as his generous Heart, which burns with unextinguishable Love, can ne'er inflict on you. The *Baroness* was not more distracted at what she had seen and heard, than perplex'd by what Means it came about that her Designs were discover'd; she cou'd not think that either *Toncarr* or *Le Songe*, staunch and experienc'd Villains, shou'd, all of a sudden, feel Remorse, much less believe that they shou'd, from any imagin'd Interest to themselves, betray her, since from obliging her, a thousand Advantages were likely to accrue, which Men of their Principles cou'd never hope for from the *Baron's* Virtue; and being desirous to know the Certainty—— Oh! 'tis I alone am wrong'd, said she; those Wretches have been set on by some secret Enemy of the *Baron's*, whom to screen from Justice, they throw the black Aspersions of his Crimes on me! —— unhappy guiltless me! No Madam! answer'd he, they were but too faithful to the Trust repos'd in them—— Your noble Husband escap'd the horrid Assassination by an Accident almost miraculous, in which, thank Heaven,

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ven, 'twas my good Fortune to be instrumental. Chancing to ride that Way, I saw those Wretches with detested Hands about to plunge their cruel Swords in his defenceless Breast, I rush'd between, with timely Aid preserv'd him from their Treachery, and with the Assistance of my Servants, bound and pinion'd them; having first, by Threats of instant Death, extorted from their Mouths an Account of what they were, and how encourag'd to this vile Attempt. — They now are in *Paris*, in Custody of the Officers of Justice, in whose Presence they have been oblig'd to make Oath of what before they had declared — they still stick firm to what they alledg'd at first, and I lament there is no room to hope my Friend is less unhappy than he thinks himself in his fair Wife's Unkindness. All the Courage which this unexpected Turn of Fortune had left the *Baroness*, forsook her at these Words; she cou'd not be assur'd she was convicted, without being as certain she shou'd meet with the Punishment which her Crime deserv'd: all her Policy forsook her, she no longer had the Power of dissembling, nor durst lift up her Eyes to him she knew wrong'd beyond a Possibility of Forgiveness — Streams of unfeigned Tears now trickled down her Cheeks — real Sighs heav'd her disorder'd Breast, and if she felt not a true *Repentance* for her Guilt, she did a severe *Regret* for the Condition it had reduc'd her to. The *Baron*, fully acquainted with her Unworthiness, and sensible of his own too great Goodnature, dared not trust himself to look upon her long, lest his relenting Heart shou'd pardon all, and be again deluded; but turning to the Gen-

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plemen who had accompany'd him, Come worthy Friends, said he, we trifle time with this ungrateful Woman; it yet remains to bring to Justice the chief Agent of her Crimes—— for her, if Conscience, by repeated Crimes, be not quite lost and stifled in her Soul, 'twill find a Voice to speak and to upbraid, open the monstrous Legend of her Actions, and with the black Remora's drive her mad. He went out of the Chamber with these Words, which were the last she ever heard him speak; for tho' when she had a little recover'd herself, she sent a thousand times to beg a Moment's Audience, he never cou'd be prevail'd upon to grant it, or to see her more.

After they had left her, *Du Lache* was sought thro' every Room in the House, for the *Baron* was presently inform'd by some of the Servants, that he had been there conceal'd: but that Villain was, by this time, past their reach; and tho' there was all imaginable Diligence made use of to discover where he was, yet many Days pass'd over without being able to give the least Account of him. By this Means the Tryals of *Le Songe* and *Toncarr* were delay'd, the *Baron* thinking it necessary to have both the Accusers and Impeach'd Face to Face.—— They were kept in close Prison however, and the *Baroness* confined to her Chamber, without so much as *Harriot*, or any Servant she had ever seen before, to attend her.

If in the *Baron's* Soul there was the least Spark of Tendernefs remaining for his perfidious Wife, he soon met with what was sufficient to extinguish it, when looking over the Accounts of
his

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his Estate, and seeing under her own Hand to his Banker and Steward the exorbitant Demands she had made on them, he found that in three Years, the Term of their being together, she had consum'd more ready Money (for he was immensely rich) than wou'd have supported the Retinue of the first Prince of the Blood for twice as long: Bills, also, for Debts she had contracted, were hourly brought him for Expences of so superfluous and luxurious a sort, that his *Amazement* at an Extravagance so unbounded, so unexampled, was almost equal to his *Chagrin* at being oblig'd to discharge them. Besides, as it is the way of the World to expose in their worst Colours the Vices of a Person in Disgrace, his Ears were continually teiz'd with some new Account of her ill Conduct; and tho' it was scarce possible to report her more vile than she really was, 'tis certain there was nothing of the Truth omitted.

The dejected *Beauclair* was, perhaps, the only Person in Town whom this Adventure had not reach'd; his Soul was too much taken up in the Contemplation of his own Misfortunes to listen to those of another. As soon as he return'd to *Paris*, and had got to his Lodgings, he threw himself into Bed, from which none of his Servants (who were entirely ignorant what it was that disordered him, or where he had been) cou'd prevail on him to rise, or to admit the Visits of any of his Acquaintance. A young *Chevalier* coming to lodge in the same House, express'd a prodigious Concern when he was told his Neighbour's melancholy Condition. He sent to entreat the Liberty of visiting him, but was refus'd,

refus'd, till one Day, happening to see a Servant going in with something his Master wanted, he took that Opportunity (which probably he had watch'd for) to beg that Favour himself. It was not in the Power of any Misfortune to make *Beauclair* forget that Gentleman-like, complaisant Behaviour which render'd his Conversation as charming to the *Women*, as the Soundness of his Judgment, and almost an universal Knowledge of every beneficial Study, made it esteem'd and coveted by the *Men*, and cou'd not avoid doing the Civility of his Chamber, when one who appear'd so much a Gentleman desir'd in Person to be admitted: beside, there was something so extremely engaging in the Air and Mien of this young *Chevalier*, which, whether he wou'd or no, attracted his Admiration; he grew immediately charm'd with him without knowing that he was so, and began to find a Pleasure in conversing with him, such as had been a Stranger to his Soul, since his breaking off with *Montamour*. He fancy'd, indeed, he found something in his Features, and the Accent of his Voice, so much resembling that Lady's, that had it seem'd possible, he shou'd have believ'd it her; but that was a vain and soon-rejected Thought, — she was far off — shut up within a Monastery, — tho' had she been near, and at Liberty, there was little likelihood that she, who wou'd not by all his Entreaties be won to grant him one Moment's willing Audience, when he had risqu'd such imminent Dangers to obtain it, shou'd come, of her own accord, to seek him, at his own Lodgings, and in a Garb so much unsuitable

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able to her Nicety and Reserve. Besides, the *Chevalier* had darker Hair, a far less delicate Complexion, and a certain Boldness in his Look, becoming enough in one of his Sex, but vastly different from that modest Mildness he had always seen in hers. The bare Imagination, however, that there was a Likeness, tho' never so small a one, was sufficient to make him valuable. He was so far from being chagrin'd at the Intrusion, that he became a Petitioner for the same Favour the next Day, and the other was too well satisfied in entertaining him not to comply with his Request; there soon grew an Intimacy between them, which seem'd rather the Consequence of many *Years* Acquaintance, than a few *Days*. 'Tis very difficult for the Tongue to forbear speaking something of what the Soul is full of: the despairing *Beauclair*, wholly taken up with his Passion, cou'd not sit so many Hours with his new Friend without revealing the whole History of it to him, — he let him into every Particular of his Transgression, and Repentance for it, complain'd of the uncommon Severity of *Montamour*, and entreated his Advice: Nor was he, while making this Recital, agitated with more violent Emotions than the Hearer of it appear'd to be. The Young *Vrayment* (for so he call'd himself) discover'd he had a Heart, tender, and susceptible of Love's soft Impression: He cou'd not listen to some Passages, and restrain his Tears, nor suffer a Sigh from *Beauclair* to pass unanswer'd by one of his own. But when he found he was beginning to accuse the Cruelty and unforgiving

Temper

Temper of his Mistress, he cou'd not forbear taking her Part. Ah *Monsieur Beauclair*! said he, in spite of the Pity due to what I see you suffer, and the Inclination I have to be of your side, Justice now obliges me to engage in the Defence of one I know not, against him whose Friendship I profess an Ambition to become worthy of. I cannot think the Proceedings of that Lady are in the least to be condemn'd; had she acted otherwise, you might indeed have applauded the Effects of a Passion which made you Master of your Wishes, but what must the disinterested part of the World have thought of her Behaviour? Wou'd not the Meanness of her Spirit, and her easie Fondness, have been the Subject of Ridicule? by what your self has said, I find she loves you—loves you with a Tenderness, at least, equal to your own—and, doubtless, when she pronounc'd the Sentence of your eternal Banishment, felt Torments greater than she gave: — But, there are some sorts of Injuries which Honour cannot pardon; among which, I think those are she has receiv'd from you! Yet Heaven, cry'd the half distracted *Beauclair*, forgives the *Penitent* Offender. Yes, resum'd the other, but *here* the Case is widely different: the Heavenly Mercy is accountable to nothing but it self; but we poor Mortals, whose Actions are censur'd by each other, and scarce the best can scape Reflection, must be cautious, ever watchful, how we tread that slippery Road, the World's Opinion; for Reputation is so nice a thing, so finely wrought! so liable to break! the least false Step disjoins the beauteous Frame, and down we sink in end-

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less Infamy—— Consider, added he, the Reasons why Women are, by our *Salique* Law, debarr'd from reigning? Why, in all Nations of the Earth, excluded from publick Management? us'd but as Toys, little immaterial Amusements to trifle away an Hour of idle Time with! is it not because their Levity of Nature, their weak Irresolution, pleas'd and displeas'd oft at they know not what, and always in Extreame, makes them unfit for Counsel, for Secrecy, or Action?—— if one among them can tow'r above the Follies of her Sex, and awe her encroaching Passions with superior Reason, we should admire a Virtue so uncommon, —— and tho' the Freedom of my Speech shou'd lose me the Honour of your Friendship, the Love I bear to Truth obliges me to say that, in my Opinion, had *Montamour* granted to your Inconstancy that kind Reward its contrary had merited, she had proved the *Lover*, but not the Woman of *Discretion*, and had been guilty of an Injustice to herself, which I know not how she wou'd have been able to account for. This manner of arguing wou'd not, perhaps, have been very agreeable to *Monsieur Beauclair*, had it come from any other Mouth, but nothing was unpardonable from this young Favourite; he had already gain'd so great an Ascendant over him, that it was in his Power to persuade him almost to any thing. Hurried by the Violence of his Despair, he had certainly had recourse to some desperate Remedy, to ease the present Anguish, had not the other's prudent Advice, and philosophical Reasonings (which seem'd far above his
Age

Age) interposed to stay him: Whenever he found him more than ordinarily sad he wou'd endeavour to divert his Grievs, or when he found him (as sometimes he did) transported with Excess of Passion, and appearing like one totally depriv'd of Reason, he wou'd for a while give way to the Tempest of his Despair, then gently parly with the Fury, till by degrees he sooth'd it to a Calm.—— Never Man, overwhelm'd like him in Sorrows, met a Comforter so kind, so industrious, and so artful in allaying them; he look'd on him as his Guardian Angel, sent down from Heaven to soften his impetuous Passions, and restore his Peace. It was seldom they were asunder, but whenever it happen'd so, each seem'd to want the better half of himself: — they eat together— drank together, and *Beauclair* wou'd very fain have perswaded him to take part of his Bed; but the other excus'd himself from that; he told him, that having been guilty of some youthful Follies, the Church had forbid him, by way of Mortification, the Ease of reposing in a Bed, for a certain Time; when Morning comes, said he, I throw my self upon it, and tumble the Cloaths, to prevent the People of the House from taking notice, but for many Nights past have rested on the Floor. *Beauclair* was himself too strict an Observer of the Orders of the Church, to press him farther, and these were the only Hours in which they were separated. Neither of them had been abroad since they came to *Paris*; and *Beauclair*, something more easie than he had been, began to think it a piece of Ingratitude that he had

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not yet paid a Visit to the friendly *Friar*, by whose Instructions he had first gain'd Admittance to *Montamour*: he told *Vrayment* of it, and that he wou'd that Day pass some Hours with him; the other offer'd to accompany him if he approv'd of it, which not being thought at all improper, they both went to the *Convent*, where they were told, the Person they enquir'd for was extremely ill, and unfit for Conversation; but *Beauclair*, whose Intimacy with him authoriz'd his Freedom, ran immediately to his *Cell*, leaving the *Chevalier* to divert himself in the *Cloyster Walks*, till his Return. But how great was his Astonishment, when after having paid his Civilities to the *Friar*, and turning his Eyes a little on one side, he saw a Person sitting on the Bed by him, whom, in spite of the Darkness of the Place, he presently knew to be *Du Lache*! All the Rage and Violence of Passion, which by the Artifices of his agreeable Companion were a little hush'd to Peace, return'd at the Sight of this Villain: scarce cou'd he restrain himself from sacrificing him that Moment to his Resentment. Villain! detested Monster, cry'd he, have I found thee! — Comest thou to scatter thy abhorr'd Practices among the Saints — He took him by the Throat, with these Words, and dragging him from the Bed, had his Sword half out; when the timorous Wretch, fearful to die, tho' unable to live, fell on his Knees, and begg'd him to forgive him; and the poor sick *Friar*, strangely alarm'd at what he saw and heard, cry'd out to him to forbear, and whatever his Injuries were, not to prophane that holy Place with

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with Blood. ——— This Remonstrance a little brought *Beauclair* to himself, and having begg'd his Pardon for giving him this Disturbance, he turn'd to *Du Lache*, Rise, said he, thou unworthy of the Name of Man! ——— Oh *Monsieur*! interrupted he, (by this time a little more assur'd) for the Love of Heav'n do not quite undo me ——— I am already as miserable as your With can make me ——— do not betray me here, and my whole *future* Life shall be spent in an Endeavour to expiate the *past*. What new Deceit, resum'd *Beauclair*, thou execrable Lyar! woud'st thou now impose upon me? ——— Permit me but a Moment's patient hearing, answer'd the other, and I will confess all I have done, — you shall be let into the whole Secret, which as yet it is impossible you can know without me.

Tho' there was little of Truth to be expected from this Villain, yet *Beauclair* was willing to listen to what he had to say, and perceiving he wou'd not declare himself before the *Fryar*, went with him out of the Room : The Cloyster Walks were pretty full of Company, and they walk'd together into a little Field behind the Convent, where *Du Lache*, as he had promis'd, related to *Beauclair* every Particular of the Treasons he had been guilty of both to him and *Montamour*; he told him also, that the *Baron de Tortillée*, being perfectly recover'd of his Frenzy was return'd to *Paris*, and incens'd against his Lady had taken care to deprive her of all those Gallantries she formerly had so freely indulg'd in, by confining her to her Chamber; and that himself, look'd on as a Person instrumental in her Amours, was prosecuted

secuted with his severest Resentment, and that, on that Account, and the misfortune of some Debts, he had been oblig'd to abscond, and concealing his Name in that of another, take shelter in this *Convent*, where the Charity of the Fathers was all his Dependence. Tho' *Beauclair* had been before wholly assur'd of the Innocence of *Montamour*, yet he cou'd not be inform'd of the Truth of those Artifices by which he had been ensnar'd into a contrary Opinion, without lifting up his Eyes and Hands in token of Amazement; and tho' he knew nothing of the distracting Portion which had been given to the *Baron*, his intended Murder, nor a thousand other hellish Practices, yet he stood struck dumb with Wonder that there cou'd be three such prodigious Villains in the World, as *Du Lache*, and his Confederates *Toncar* and *Le Songe*. But while he was thus employ'd, an Accident hapned, which more than ever inform'd him, how dangerous it was for a Man of Honour to be of the Acquaintance of such Wretches.

Full of troubled Cogitations, the unhappy *Baron* avoided as much as possible all Society; his Misfortunes were publick, and he cou'd not imagine any body look'd on him without Pitying, or despising that Weakness which had suffer'd him to fall into them; Chance, or his ill Genius, led him into that Field, at the very Hour, at the very Moment, that these two were in Conference. He immediately knew the Villain he so long had sought, but the sight of *Beauclair* fill'd him with more Violent Agitations: ever since the knowledge of his Wrongs, he had imagin'd this Gentleman was the prime Cause of them;

them; nor was this Thought altogether opposite to Reason, considering the Manner in which he once had found him with his Wife, and now beholding him thus accompany'd was sufficient to confirm those Conjectures——Now all the Injuries he had sustain'd, his violated Honour——his ruin'd Fortune——his Madness——his intended Murder! all at once presented themselves to his Remembrance——and fatally transported with Excess of Rage, he drew his Sword, and flew on the astonish'd *Beauclair*, giving him no other warning of the Danger which he threatned, than that Action: It was indeed sufficient to make him stand upon his Guard, but being desirous to know on what Account or by whom he was so Challeng'd (for in his present Surprize he saw not that it was the *Baron*) he stept two or three Steps back, and was opening his Mouth to enquire the Cause of so unexpected a Salutation, when the other, still advancing, cry'd out to him to stay; Recoyl not, base unworthy Man! dishonourable *Beauclair*! said he; but if you are not Coward too as well as Villain, defend the Wrongs you have done me with the same Boldness as you acted them. Ha! replied *Beauclair*, equally provoked, and who art thou who dar'st to joyn such Language with the Name of *Beauclair*?——Is it possible (continu'd he, looking more earnestly on him) that the *Baron de Tortillée* should so forget himself? 'Tis thou, resum'd the impatient *Baron*, that hast forgot thy Virtue——debased the Honour of thy noble Family——and rendred thy self a Companion of Panders, Vagabonds, and Ruffians——but we trifle time,——this Woman's War of Words is not for Men, who ought

to

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to hate, like us! As much addicted to Passion as *Beauclair* naturally was, he wou'd if possible have avoided this Combat, but the other resolving to afford no longer Parly, press'd on him so hard, that he was oblig'd to make use of his best Skill for his Defence. *Du Lache* had all this while his Sword out too, not with a Design to prevent them from doing each other a Mischief, but to take part with which ever was like to be the Conqueror. The *Baron*, whether it was that he was less expert, or that Transported by his Fury he rush'd too eagerly on his Antagonist, is uncertain; but *Beauclair* had the good Fortune to disarm him at the third Pass. Sufficiently satisfied with this Advantage, and rejoyc'd this Adventure had terminated in no worse a Catastrophe, he was preparing to re-deliver him his Sword, with all complaisant, and sincere Inclinations imaginable for a thorough Reconciliation, when the mischievous Stander-by stab'd him in the Back with so accurst a Force, that the unhappy Gentleman fell with the Wound, and spoke, nor breath'd, no more. Thus ended a Life, which, if not blemish'd by a too great Affection for the most Vile of Women, might have been long and happy. *Beauclair*, struck motionless with sudden Horror at a Deed so monstrous, seem'd like one transfix'd with Thunder, and before he cou'd recollect himself enough for Speech, or the Murderer cou'd determine what Way wou'd afford most Security for his Escape, they were encompassed by a Crowd of People which the Cries of the *Chevalier Vrayment* had drawn together. That young Spark having seen *Beauclair* and *Du Lache* (whom he very well knew) go hastily cross the Walks, he follow'd them

them into the Field, apprehensive that they were gone thither on no friendly purpose. He observ'd their Behaviour at a distance, till the approach of the *Baron*, and the manner in which he accosted *Beauclair*, made him resolve to trust nothing to Fortune, but timely endeavour to hinder whatever Consequences either Rage or Treachery might attempt; yet fearful to leave 'em while he ran for Help, he bethought him of calling to some Men whom he saw cleaning the way on the other side of the Wall which encompass'd the Field he was in: They presently resounded the cry of Murder, which ecchoing from one to the other, gather'd Numbers immediately, which tho' they had a good way to come round, were at the Heels of *Vrayment* when he got to the fatal Scene. *Du Lache*, when they came near, was looking wildly round as tho' distracted with the Horrors of his Guilt, his Sword lying on the Grass dyed to the Hilt with Blood. *Beauclair* with both the Swords still in his Hand, his Head a little reclin'd, and stooping over the dead Body, which was fallen just at his Feet. The sight of *Vrayment*, and the Noise of those that follow'd rous'd him from his Lethargy, and he presently cry'd Oh my Friend! behold this dreadful Object——then turn your Eyes on that Consummate Fiend, (whom yet you know not, but by my Description) the curs'd *Du Lache*. Before the Person to whom these Words were address'd cou'd make any Reply, a robust Fellow, bawl'd out, A dreadful Murder indeed, my Masters, but 'tis hard to know which of these two, or whether both are not guilty of it: 'Tis true, said another, therefore let us carry 'em both away

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way to the Officers of Justice: Ay, ay, hollow'd out the whole Crowd, away with them both. It wou'd have been but to little purpose to have argued with the Multitude, had they endeavour'd it; but *Beauclair* was willing to go, that the murd'rous *Du Lache* might receive the due Reward of all his Crimes; nor did that Wretch seem now so timorous as might have been expected from his Cowardly Disposition, he fed himself with a secret Hope, that he might be able by his Insinuations to make *Beauclair* appear at least a Party concerned, if not a chief Instrument of the *Baron's* Death; which if he cou'd once bring to be believ'd, the Sentence must be the same on both, and then he doubted not but that Gentleman had Interest enough to procure a Pardon, which must, where the Guilt was equal, extend to one as well the other. The *Chevalier* was not at all dissatisfied, as not doubting but the bloody Sword of *Du Lache*, and his own Evidence, who saw the Murder, wou'd be sufficient to clear *Beauclair* immediately; but he found himself mistaken. The known Amour which he had had with the Wife of the deceas'd, and the Intimacy which had been taken notice of between him and the Murderer, went a great way to make him appear guilty of consenting to his Death: but nothing cou'd be determin'd till the Tryal, which was order'd shou'd be in a few Days, and in the mean time both were sent to Prison, neither being allow'd the Privilege of Bail.

Vrayment appeared much more concerned than *Beauclair* was for himself, and omitted nothing, during the time of his Confinement, which cou'd

cou'd be expected from the most zealous Friendship: He went to all his Acquaintance, to engage them to appear in his behalf on the Day prefix'd for the Tryal. But tho' many did, and his Character was such, as cou'd give no one leave to imagine he cou'd be guilty of a Baseness such as he was call'd in Question for; yet the *Baron's* Relations were so vigorous in their Prosecution, that in spite of all *Vrayment* (who saw the whole Transaction) cou'd say, the Court began to think it wou'd be very difficult to acquit him. The *Baroness* having, by *Toncarr* and *Le Songe*, been accused of a Design to murder her Husband, was also summon'd to appear; and *Du Lache* having found means to send to her while he was in Prison, let her know the only way for their common Safety was to accuse *Beauclair*: She did it, to his Face, with an Assurance such as sure no Woman but her self cou'd ever boast; and to make her Evidence bear the greater appearance of Truth, with counterfeited Blushes, and Streams of Tears, she confess'd her Criminal Affection for him had won her Consent to the *Baron's* Death, that she might give her self wholly to him. Never was any Soul Alarm'd, Confus'd, Enrag'd, like *Beauclair*, when he heard this monstrous Allegation; scarce cou'd he contain himself in the presence of the Judge (who happen'd to be the Brother of *Montamour*) from speaking to that bad Woman, when he denied what he was charg'd with, in terms such as her Impudence deserv'd; but all that he cou'd say without being guilty of an Indecorum to Modesty, or Irreverence to the Presence he was in, he did. This Accusation however had a very great
Influence

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Influence on the *Judge*, who imagin'd presently that this Amour was the occasion of his Sister's breaking with him; and the Indignity which he thought was offer'd to his Family, by preferring a Woman of the Baroness's Character to a Maid whose Reputation had ever been Unblemish'd, heighten'd his Displeasure against the Prisoner to so great a Degree, that he was just going to pronounce him deserving the same Fate with *Du Lache*; when *Vrayment*, easily guessing what his Thoughts were, and distracted to find all he cou'd do to save him was in vain, And is then my Evidence, my Lord, said he, no more to be regarded? I, who was Witness to every part of the whole Action, and know *Beauclair* as free from any share in this Guilt as Heaven is from Falshood; or Hell, or these his vile Accusers, from Truth——You speak with Passion, young *Monsieur*! reply'd the Judge, which in a case like this favours too much of Partiality, to be regarded——You are his Friend——and Friendship may be byass'd. I scorn the Thought (interrupted fiercely the enrag'd *Vrayment*) I love *Beauclair* 'tis true, but 'tis because his Virtues challenge my Esteem——did I but think he cou'd forgo his Honour, and become an Accomplice with these horrid Wretches, I wou'd be the first shou'd urge your Justice to condemn him: But as I know him clear——clear as my own Soul——as yours my Lord, or any here, from such detested Crimes, I must, I will stand up in his Vindication, tho' the whole World should censure and hate me for it. While he was uttering these Words the Judge look'd on him with

with an Eye which spoke Amazement; and not replying presently, a Friend of the dead *Baron's*, one who had appeared the most zealous of any of them in his Revenge, took this opportunity to endeavour to weaken what this young Champion had offer'd in defence of *Beauclair*. I hope my Lord! said he, the Testimony of one, bold tho' he seems, so much unknown; and doubtless bought, will be of little weight, when Circumstances so plain make void his Evidence. Injurious Man (resum'd the little Heroe) know I was bred to hate a Lie — Nor shall I be unknown when he by whose Sentence I, in my Friend, must stand or fall, shall see this Token. With these Words he pluck'd a Ring off his Finger and presented it to the Judge, who after he had taken it, look'd carefully on it, then on him that gave it, and rising from his Seat, I am enough convinc'd said he, and here pronounce the Witness most substantial, and *Beauclair* innocent. —

Let the Court adjourn; To-morrow the other Prisoners must attend their Doom. It was to little effect that the Friends of the Deceas'd petition'd, for a further hearing. The universal Joy which appear'd in the Faces of all the disinterested Part of the Assembly, and the loud Clap which they gave when *Beauclair* was acquitted, hush'd the feeble Murmurs of the contrary Party. As the Judge pass'd by the Bar where *Beauclair* was standing, he took him by the Hand, and speaking to him in a low Voice; Dine with me To-day, said he, and besure to bring your young Advocate with you. The other had no time to make any other Answer to this obliging Invitation, than a low Bow;

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but the Surprize he was in at this sudden Change of his Affairs was such, as it wou'd be very difficult to represent; he cou'd not however, in this publick Place, have leisure for Reflection; he was immediately surrounded by a great Number of his Friends and Acquaintance, who came to congratulate him on being clear'd; when the Press was a little over, *Vrayment* came up to him, and with a Countenance much more grave than he had ever seen him wear, You are now safe, *Monsieur!* said he; but beware how you hereafter enter into Engagements with Persons of the *Baroness's* Humour. *Beauclair*, unwilling to hold any Discourse on an Affair which he wou'd have been glad to bury in Oblivion, answered these Words only with a Sigh and a little shaking of his Head; but after he had embrac'd and thank'd him for the Service he had done him, owning it was to him (as indeed it was) that he was indebted for his Life, he entreated him to inform him, by what Means he came to know the *Judge*, and what the Mystery of the Ring was, which, like some Enchantment, had the Power in a Moment to unlock his Fetters and reverse his Doom: Of that, reply'd *Vrayment*, you shall be told hereafter; but you must pardon me if I say it is a Secret, which at present you must not be inform'd of. I will not press it then, resum'd *Beauclair*, but perhaps, at the *Judge's* House, to which he has engag'd me to bring you To-day, you will be good-natur'd enough to ease my Curiosity. 'Tis highly possible indeed, answer'd the *Chevalier*, that there the Riddle may be solv'd. They pass'd from this

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to several other Subjects of Conversation relating to the Tryal; 'till the Hour drawing near in which they were to wait on the Judge, *Vrayment* excus'd himself from going with him, saying he had some Business another Way which he was obliged to dispatch, but when that was ended, he might expect to see him; the other entreating him not to fail, took his Leave for a much longer Time than he imagin'd.

The Judge, who waited with Impatience for their coming, receiv'd *Beauclair* with all imaginable Civility and Kindness, till finding he was alone, he a little alter'd his Countenance, and with a Voice which expressed his Discontent, What *Monfieur!* said he, wou'd she not come? — or did you fear to trust her in a Brother's House? What means my Lord? cry'd the other, (more surpriz'd, if possible, at these Words, than at all his late Adventures.) You counterfeit a Consternation well, resum'd the former, tho' I know not for what Cause — My Meaning needs, I think, no Explanation — you were not, as I take it, the only invited Guest! — Most true, my Lord! answered *Beauclair*, and cou'd my Persuasions have prevail'd on the *Chevalier Vrayment*, to put off to another Day a Business he had appointed on this, I had not singly waited on you. The Judge thinking himself trifled with, began to lose great Part of his Patience: You do ill, *Monfieur!* said he, to reward the kind Intentions I had for you, in this Manner, — Why do you pretend to

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keep me in Ignorance of what by this Time you must be sensible I know full well? — Why, when I demand to see my Sister, do you make an Excuse for the Absence of the *Chevalier Vrayment*? Ha! (interrupted the transported Lover, half wild 'twixt Ecstasy and Wonder) what said your Lordship? — your Sister! — Oh bless my exulting Soul, and tell me all! — Is it possible (rejoin'd her Brother) that you shou'd need be told by any but herself, that *Montamour* and *Vrayment* are the same? Oh Heavens! cry'd *Beauclair*, now quite o'ercome with Rapture, Oh all ye gracious Powers! is it possible? All that he cou'd say was scarce sufficient to make the Judge believe his Sister cou'd be in *Paris*, and so intimate with her Lover, and remain unknown to him, till he recounted to him, his Progress to the Monastery, the Severity of her Usage to him there, and the Improbability there was that she shou'd have altered her Resolution. Neither of them knew what to think, — that it was she was evident, though her Hair and Complexion were alter'd, which might easily be perform'd by Art. The Features of her Face, her Voice, were perfectly known to her Brother; and more than all, the Ring she gave him, which was one he had put on her Finger at parting, left no room to doubt it was any other than herself: but how so wonderful a Change had happen'd, or for what Reason she had left the Monastery so disguis'd, and come in Search of the Man she had so industriously strove to avoid, was what puzzled the Capacities of them both. After some lit-
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the Time of Expectation, *Beauclair* began to fear, that it was in vain to hope she wou'd make good her Promise of meeting him there, and ran Home, believing he might probably find her; but how great was his Disappointment, when he was told the *Chevalier* had discharged his Lodgings, and had not given any Intimation where he design'd to go. Full of a thousand perplex'd Reflections for this second Ruin of his Hopes, he return'd to her Brother with the melancholy Account, and found him reading a Letter he had just receiv'd from her.

As soon as the Brother of *Montamour* saw him enter, You need not, *Monsieur*! said he, give your self the Trouble of repeating our common Misfortune; the Person we both, tho' prompted by different Emotions, are so impatient to Embrace, resolves we shall not, at least for a while, enjoy the Happiness we aim at. See here (continued he, giving him the Letter) the Intelligence I have just now received. *Beauclair* had no sooner cast his Eye upon it, than he knew the Character to be *Montamour's*, and with a Mixture of Hope and Fear, as tho' about to unravel the Mystery of his future Fate, read o'er these Lines.

" I Am sensible it is now too late to entreat
" my dearest Brother to keep from *Mon-*
" *sieur Beauclair* the Knowledge who the Per-
" son was that endeavoured to do him Service
" at his Tryal. But that I did not satisfy yours,
" and my own Desire, in seeing you at your House,
was

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“ was because I cou'd not bear to appear in
 “ my own Shape before a Man who has af-
 “ fronted me in the manner you are now no Stran-
 “ ger to: However, my late Behaviour may
 “ inform you I am not desirous of Revenge,
 “ — his Repentance since has, perhaps, been
 “ Punishment sufficient, and I would not have
 “ you less willing to forgive — I have also
 “ a Pardon to beg for my self, for making use
 “ of your Name to countenance my Elope-
 “ ment from the Monastery, and conceal the
 “ Pity I had for an unworthy Lover, in the
 “ Pretence of Tendernefs for the best of Bro-
 “ thers. — Yes, I confess, that disturb'd at
 “ some Testimonies I had of his Despair, I
 “ told the *Abbess* that I cou'd not profess till
 “ I had once more bid Adieu to you, and by
 “ that Means gain'd her Consent to come to
 “ *Paris*. Judge not too unkindly of this De-
 “ ceit, but believe you are, and ever shall be,
 “ most Dear to the Soul of

Your Affectionate Sister, and

Obliged Humble Servant

MONTAMOUR.

Beauclair had scarce finished the reading this,
 when his Servant brought him another, which
 he told him was given him by the *Chevalier*
Vrayment,

Vrayment, with a strict Charge to deliver it to his Hands. The hearing that Name, and the Sight of this second Mandate, increas'd the Tumults of his Soul to such a Height, that the Disorder he was in was what nothing but it self can represent : to comprehend in any measure what it was he felt, 'tis necessary to be posselt of all those burning Passions ! ——— those distracting Whirls of tortur'd Thought, which scarce afforded Patience till he could unfold the dear, and at once welcome and unwelcome Paper, which contain'd these Words.

To Monsieur Beauclair.

“ **T**HINK not, because I have given you
“ Proofs of an unextinguish'd Tenderness,
“ that I think your Penitence a sufficient Ex-
“ piation for your Crimes, nor that my Pity for
“ your Sufferings can influence me so far as to
“ make me forget what I owe to my own
“ Honour—— No, *Beauclair* ! there is a Ju-
“ stice to be done ones self, which if I shou'd
“ dispence with, you might perhaps, and in-
“ deed with much more Reason than hitherto
“ you have had, be perswaded to believe, I
“ might hereafter fail in it towards you——
“ What though you swear your Heart was ever
“ mine—— what though your late Repentance
“ and Despair induces me to think that Pro-
“ testation real, the World ! the judging World
“ will never be of my Opinion—— My easy
“ Na-

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" Nature, and my fond Belief, wou'd be the
 " Jest of every Table— All I can do for you,
 " therefore, and I know not if by the Grave
 " and Wife that wou'd not be thought too
 " much, is to wish it were as much in my
 " Power to reward that Tenderness you now
 " have for me, as it is to pardon those past A-
 " ctions which have made us both unhappy. I
 " cannot, without deviating from that Sincerity
 " which has been ever the Dictator of all my
 " Words, deny that my Love for you has ever
 " been unshaken— that it was not even in your
 " own Power to lessen one Grain of that ex-
 " haustless Store of Passion you inspir'd me
 " with— that it still blazes with a Flame so
 " pure, so true, so lasting, as nor Time, nor
 " Absence, nor Unkindness can put a damp
 " to— that my whole Soul is full of you—
 " and that in putting in Execution that cruel,
 " but necessary Resolution of flying from your
 " Sight for ever, I suffer Pangs more terrible
 " than Death itself could be. But entertain no
 " Hope from this Confession; nor attempt to al-
 " ter a Determination which is fix'd as Fate—
 " Write not to me, unless you can restrain your
 " Sentiments to such Bounds as may be fitly
 " read by one of that Order I am going to
 " profess my self— But above all Things;
 " I conjure you, not to make use of any
 " Stratagems for the future to distract me
 " with the Sight of your Despair—
 " The Thought of it is more than I can
 " bear— Heaven! Heaven only can ena-
 " ble me to support the coming, killing Cer-
 tainty,

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"tainty, which takes from me all Possibility of
"ever being

Yours,

MONTAMOUR.

Who that has been present when Death's Icy Hand has on the sudden seiz'd on the Faculties of some one in Company, may figure to themselves what *Beauclair* was at reading this: Just so the Blood flew from his Lips and Cheeks, his Eyes grew dim, the Life and Vigour of his Air chang'd to cold Trembling, all his Limbs enervate, and down at once he sunk into the Chair he was sitting on. The Brother of *Montamour* guessing the Cause of this Disorder, took the Letter from his shaking Hand, and inform'd himself at full of what he before suspected. Come *Monfieur*, said he, recall your Courage, I see nothing in this Letter that can give you Cause of Chagrin, but rather the contrary—— My Sister makes a Declaration here of Tenderness, much greater than I cou'd have imagin'd from her Reserve—— and since she Loves, take my Word for it, neither of you shall Despair. The dejected Lover cou'd not recover himself enough to make any other Answer to these obliging Expressions than a Sigh: But the other, continuing to assure him, in the Manner he had begun, that he wou'd not rest till he had procur'd his Happiness, made a visible Alteration in his Countenance, and by little and little, he became again the Man he was.

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Nor was the Judge forgetful of what he had promis'd; but, because it was impossible to prosecute the Design he had form'd till the Affair of the Prisoners was dispatch'd, he commanded their Appearance the very next Day. The Crime of *Du Lache*, as being the immediate Murderer of the unhappy *Baron*, was too evident for any thing to be offer'd in Opposition to his Sentence, which was to be broke upon the Wheel: *Toncarr* and *Le Songe*, having been prov'd by the Witness of the Gentleman and the Servants who rescued the *Baron*, to have assassinated and design'd his Death, receiv'd the same Doom: But the *Baroness*, though the known Contriver and Abetter of the horrid Deed, was remanded back to Prison, till he had more Leisure to consult in what Manner he shou'd decree her Punishment.

This being over, he immediately set forward with Monsieur *Beauclair* to the Monastery where *Montamour* had resolv'd to pass the Remainder of her Life. They arriv'd there the very Day before that in which she was design'd to take the Order: Her Brother found an easy Admittance to her; but not all the Arguments he cou'd alledge were of Force to engage her Consent to see *Beauclair*, till he, who had waited in an outer Room expecting to be call'd in, as the Judge had made him hope, growing Impatient at this long Delay, and resolving to hear once more from *Montamour's* own Mouth his Doom, ran hastily in to them, and throwing himself at her Feet, pleaded his own Cause with such Success, that though she did not ab-

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solutely promise to grant all he ask'd; yet there appear'd a sort of Consenting in her Eyes; which her Brother observing, back'd the Intercessions of the other with Arguments so strenuous, that she was wholly at a Loss for Words to form Denials, if the Relentings of her swelling Heart wou'd have dictated them, to what her Lover and her Brother urg'd. The Abbess, whose Company on this extraordinary Occasion was desir'd, join'd her Persuasions; and had *Montamour* been less prompted from within, it had been hardly possible to have held out against such united Forces: In fine, she was at last prevail'd on to give her *Hand* to him from whom nothing cou'd estrange her *Heart*. They were Married that Evening, and it wou'd be needless to endeavour, as well as impossible to set forth, as it deserv'd, the Raptures, of the o'erjoy'd *Beauclair* at so unhop'd a Condescension. It was not many Days between their going and coming back to *Paris*; yet at their Return, they met the Tidings of an Act of Horror which they little expected. The wicked *Baroness*, impatient of her Fate, desperate, and as some say struck with Remorse, and terrified in Conscience, hopeless of Mercy here or hereafter, had swallow'd Poison, and ended her shameful Life by as ignominious a Death: The three Wretches who had been the Instruments of her vile Actions, suffer'd the Sentence which had been given by the Judge, and with their last Breaths allow'd the Justice of it, and confess'd their Crimes. Thus was not only the *Baron's* Death reveng'd at full, but also

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also the Disquiet which the Contrivers of it had brought on the Innocent *Montamour*, and her belov'd *Beauclair*. The Manner of their Living together since their Marriage, is such as might be expected from that unalterable Affection which each felt for the other before, and full of that sincere Tenderness, which might furnish many more Examples, were Love and Virtue the chief Inducements to *Hymen*.

F I N I S.



